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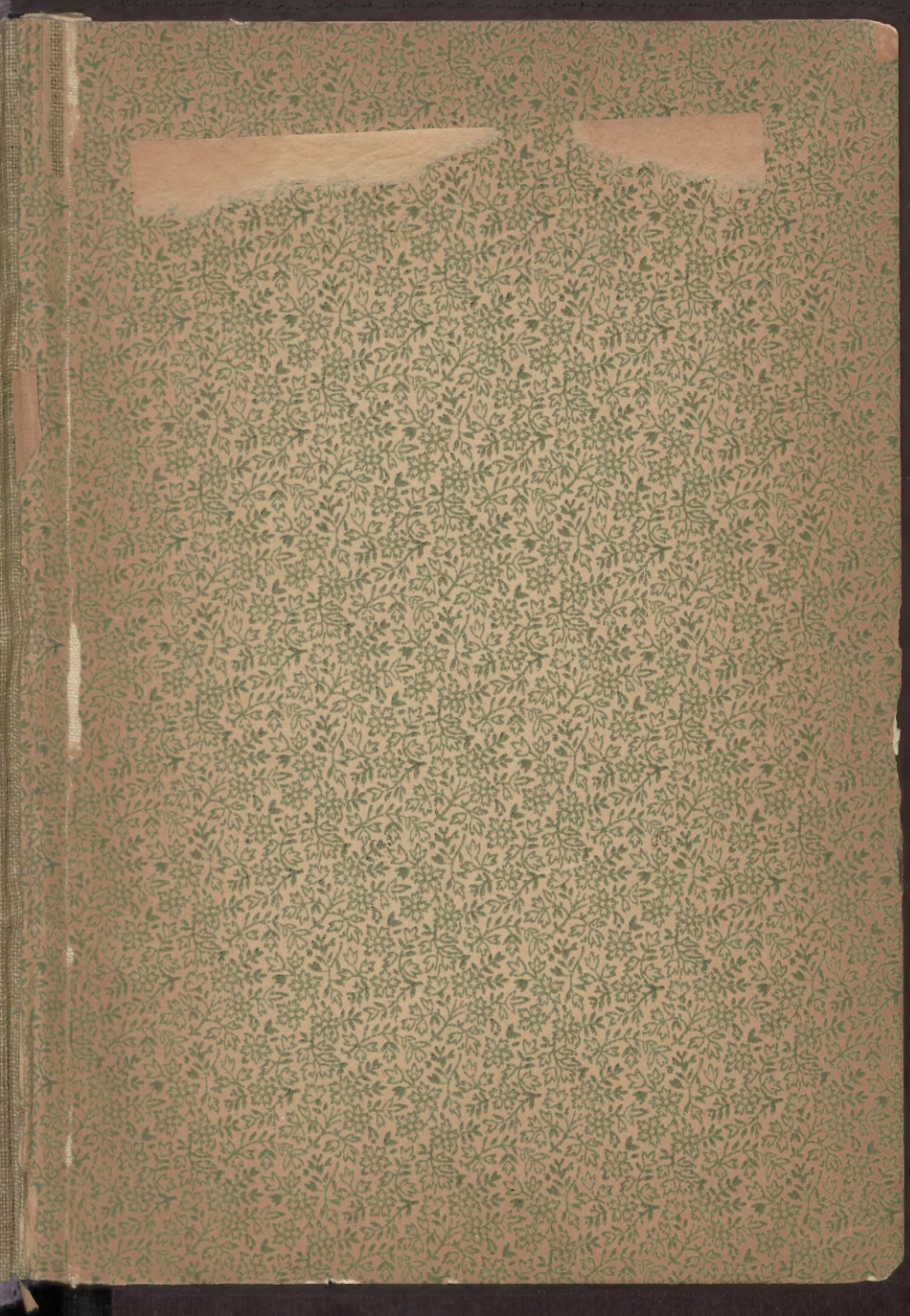
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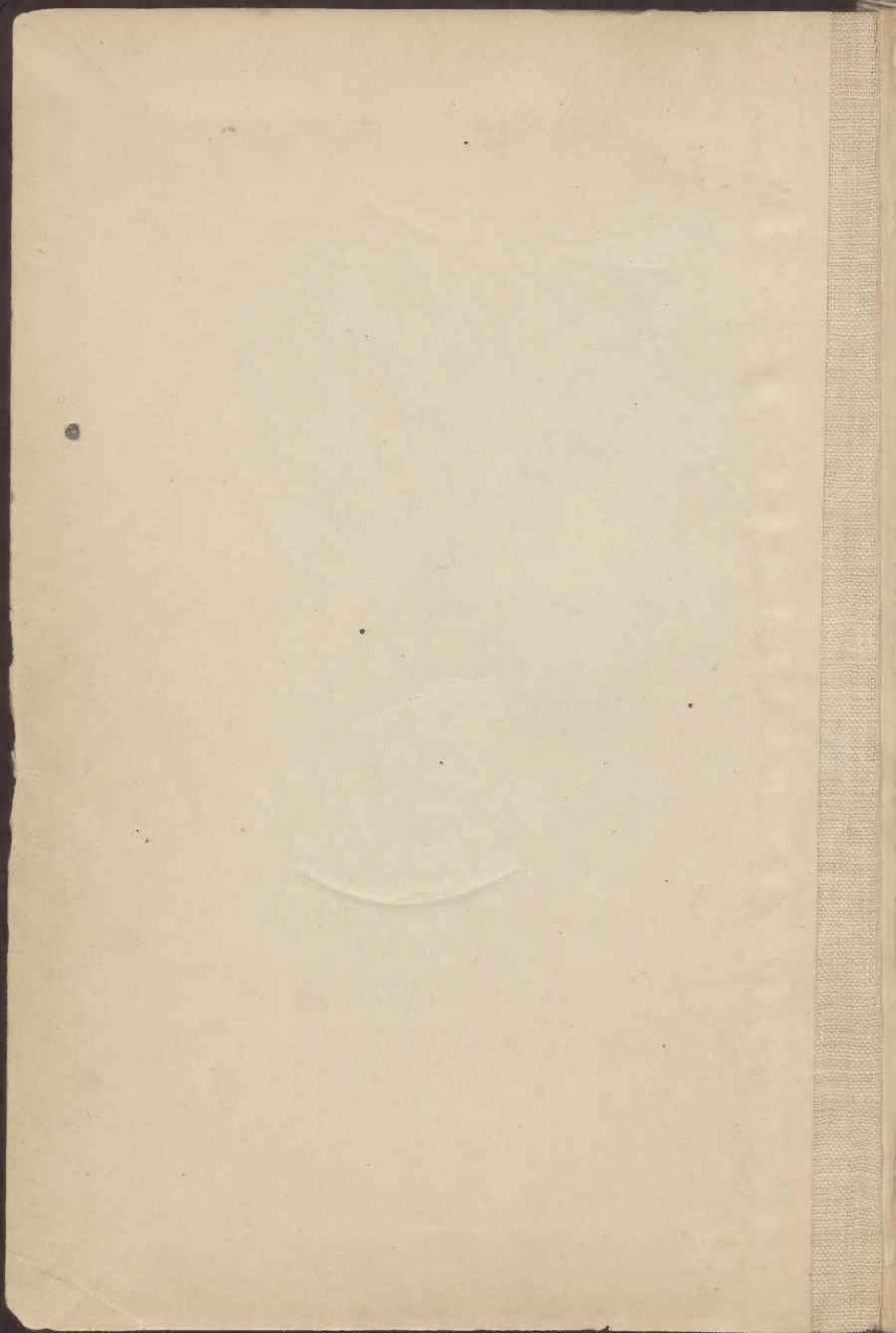
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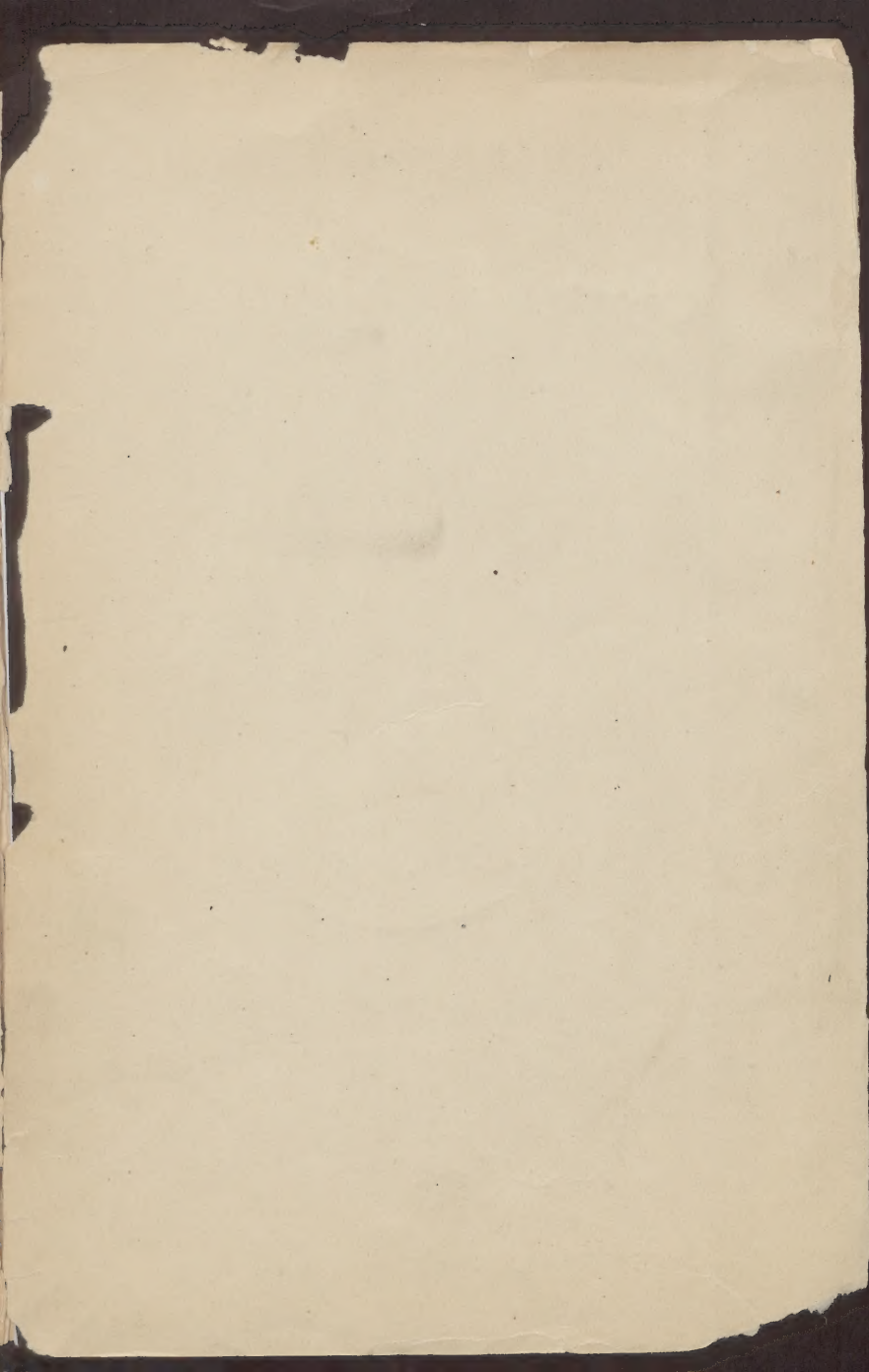
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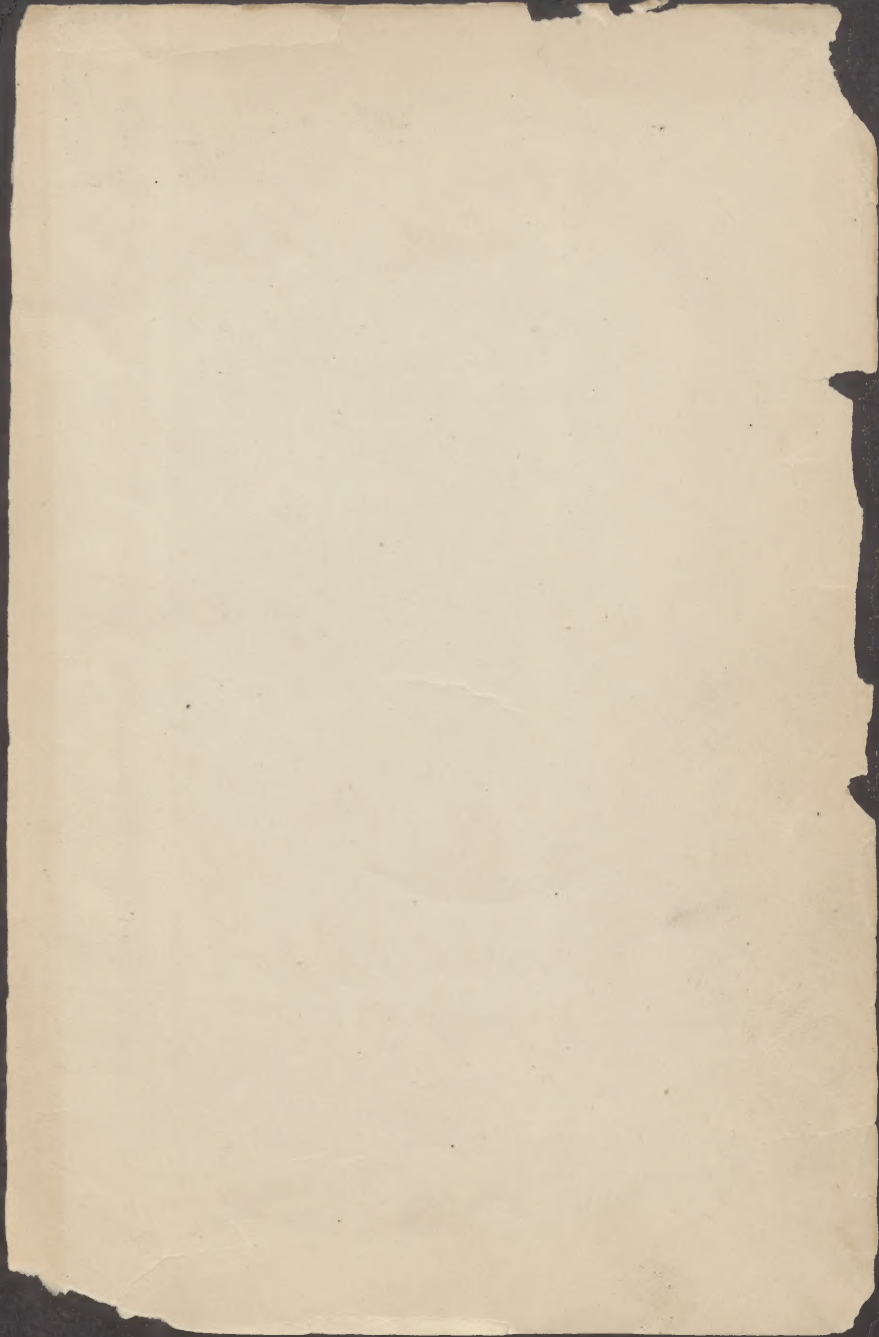


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STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES



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ROBINSON CRUSOE

BY
DANIEL DEFOE

EDITED FOR YOUNG READERS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION
FOR TEACHERS BY
EDWARD R. SHAW

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UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES

ROBINSON CRUSOE

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF

DANIEL DEFOE

EDITED FOR YOUNG READERS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION FOR TEACHERS BY

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NEW YORK, BOSTON AND NEW ORLEANS

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Review

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INTRODUCTION.

THE educational value of our English classic, "Robinson Crusoe," was discovered for us by German educators. The employment of this narrative in German schools for other ends than those it would subserve when regarded merely as a literary production and the ideas and interests developed through its study have led to its employment in American schools. It has formed an addition of great worth to our course of study, and must be regarded as one of the commendable factors towards its enrichment.

Sufficient test has already been made with the story of "Robinson Crusoe" to place it in the third school year. It is at this period of the pupil's development that the story will yield him, I believe, the greatest good. Some educators would present the story orally in the second school year, and put the printed form into the pupil's hands in the third year. Such a method of treatment, it will be readily seen, is determined by the aim which the educator has in view. In this particular, I am inclined to hold the opinion that the freshness and interest of the story ought not to be anticipated by oral presentation in the second school year.

The interest that children manifest in this story may not be denied. Those qualities which, in the main, have rendered the narrative so fascinating to older readers since its publication nearly two hundred years ago, are also the qualities which appeal to young readers and elicit their interest. Robinson Crusoe, an ordinary young man, with no gifts to distinguish him above the rank and file of his fellows, yields to the impulse which thousands of young men of every generation have felt to see something beyond their native horizon, to go out and try the great world. Disregarding the

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advice of parents and taking all into his own hands, young Crusoe sets forth. Hardships and evil fortunes come upon him, and at last he is cast away upon an uninhabited island—a situation which, from its very novelty, begets in the reader surprise and conjecture. In this situation the hero, with that power common to all men, sets to work to retrieve, as far as he can, his misfortunes and to adapt himself to new and unknown conditions—conditions that rouse the reader's imagination to picture those with which man contended in more primitive times.

It becomes a question, then, as to what this interest on the part of pupils may be made to yield towards their mental development and equipment.

In the first place, the absorbing interest in the adventures and makeshifts of the hero stimulates the pupil to progress in acquiring the power to read. Technique is, in this case, mastered because of the inviting content. It is well to remember that the pupil learns to read by reading, and that he will not read much that is uninviting.

In this edition extreme care has been exercised to introduce new words very gradually in the first part of the book and to provide for much repetition after their incorporation into the narrative, thus obviating, to as great an extent as possible, the necessity for formal drill upon them as mere words.

In the latter part of the book new words have been introduced somewhat more rapidly, the pupil's advancement at this stage making this not only permissible, but advisable.

In the next place, after each chapter has been read, the pupil should be led to give back its substance in oral form. In doing this he is gaining power to grasp large thought-wholes as wholes and to set these forth in such words as he can command. This exercise gives the pupil one kind of training of great value—a kind, moreover, which receives too little attention in American schools.

Another form of the presentation of these thought-wholes is their written reproduction. Here large opportunity is afforded to give the pupil practice in spelling, the use of capitals, and the more obvious requirements of punctuation. While, however, these formal

ends are subserved, a more important result inures to the pupil in the perception he gains from the reproduction in writing into the sequence and connection of sentences to comprise a thought-whole. A word of caution might be inserted here to the effect that it is best not to lay too much stress upon the errors made. Attention should be called to these in a general way, but not to such a degree as to render them unduly prominent in the pupil's mind and thereby hinder freedom of written expression. With proper guidance and continued practice in written reproduction, pupils will gradually work out of their errors and inaccuracies.

In the last place, and what must by no means be regarded as unimportant, is the discussion with the pupils, as the reading progresses, of the many economic and social topics suggested by the narrative. In this respect the story of "Robinson Crusoe" is especially rich and fruitful.

To this end, the teacher should call out the thought of the class and then supplement this with her own on such topics as—1. The dependence of man upon Nature. 2. The dependence of man upon his fellows, leading directly to a consideration, in a simple manner, of the division of labor in society. 3. Crusoe's longing for companionship, calling forth an appreciation of the notion that man is a social being. 4. The responsibility of man towards others of his fellows, introduced by the finding of Friday and the care of him. 5. Crusoe's religious nature, his recognition of God, his submission to that higher Power, and the solace and spiritual aid these afford him in bearing the hardships and loneliness which fell upon him.

The discussion of these topics and others plainly suggested in the narrative, opens the pupil's mind to an apprehension of certain ideas of economic, social, and spiritual significance, and creates in his mind centres of interest that will render him better able to appreciate the institutional life in which he lives and which is his heritage out of a long and mighty past.

UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS,
NEW YORK CITY, *August*, 1897.

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ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER I.

ROBINSON'S FIRST SHIPWRECK.

I WAS born at York in the year 1632. My father was a merchant. I had two brothers. One of them went to war and was killed in a battle. The other left home, and we never heard of him again. As I was the only child my parents then had, they wished me to stay with them, and they said they would do everything they could to make me happy.

But I did not like living at home. My head was filled with thoughts of rambling, and nothing would do for me but going to sea. My father, when he heard of this, felt it very much, so he talked to me a great deal about it. He told me that if I would stay with him he would do well by me, and that I should have an easy and a happy life, but that if I would go away in spite of the advice and wish of my parents, God would not bless me. Some evil, he said, would happen to me where there would be no one to help me, and I would be sorry when too late.

I was much touched by my father's words, so I made up my mind to think no more of going to sea. But very soon I again began to have thoughts of rambling, and being now eighteen years of age, I made up my mind to run away from home. One day happening to be at Hull, a seaport town not far from York, I met a friend who was going to London in a ship belonging to his father. He asked me to go with him, telling me that it would cost me nothing, and he pressed me so hard that at last I said I would go.

We went on board the same day and set sail for London. But our ship was only a little way out of the harbor when a great storm came on, which made the waves rise mountain high. As I had never been at sea before, I was dreadfully sick and much frightened. I thought that every wave would swallow us up.

I now began to think upon what I had done. I thought of the advice my father had given me, and how I had gone away from home without telling him. I felt that the storm was sent upon me from Heaven for thus leaving my parents. In my great fear I said many times that if God would spare my life on this voyage, I would go straight home to my father as soon as I set foot on dry land, and never go on a ship again.

I had these wise thoughts as long as the storm lasted. But next day the wind ceased blowing and the sea became calm. The sun shone out bright, and his beams falling upon the water, made a sight which I thought the finest I had ever seen. I slept well that night, for I was no longer sea-sick. My fears too had left me, and I forgot what, during the storm, I had said I would do.

But soon another storm came on. The sixth day of our being at sea we came into Yarmouth Roads. Here the wind began to blow much harder than before, so that even the sailors were frightened. I could hear the captain, as he went in and out of the cabin, say to himself several times: "Lord, be merciful to us! we shall all be lost."

As for myself I lay in the cabin quite stupid with sickness and fear. But the worst was yet to come. In the middle of the night one of the sailors cried out that there was four feet of water in the hold. Then all hands were called to the pump. At that word my heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell back on the bed near which I had been sitting in the cabin. But the sailors roused me, and said that I was as well able to pump as any one else. Then I went to the pump and worked very hard.

While we were pumping out the water, the cap-

tain had one of the men fire a gun for luck. The firing was heard by the people on a ship not far ahead of us, and they sent a boat to help us. We had great trouble in getting into the boat, as the sea was so rough. We were not much more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship when we saw her sink. Then I knew for the first time what was meant by a ship's going down at sea. I could hardly look up when the sailors told me she was sinking, for I was almost dead with fright.

The men worked hard at the oars to bring the boat to land, and we saw a great many people running along the beach to help us when we should come near. Soon afterwards we got safe on shore. Then we walked to Yarmouth. Here we were treated very kindly. Some of the merchants and shipowners of the town gave us money enough to pay our way to London or back to Hull.

CHAPTER II.

ROBINSON TWO YEARS A SLAVE.

IF I had now had the good sense to go home to my parents, I should have been happy, but I was still bent on rambling, and as I had money in my pocket, I went to London. There I went on board

a vessel bound to the coast of Africa on a trading voyage. The captain was very kind to me. He taught me how to steer a ship at sea and many other things a sailor ought to know.

But our voyage was the most unhappy one man ever made. For as we were sailing towards the Canary Islands we were set upon by a pirate or robber ship belonging to the Moors, on the north-west coast of Africa. We did our best to defend ourselves, but the pirates were too strong for us. So they took our ship and carried us all off to Sal-lee, the place in Africa in which they lived.

This was a sad change for me. I now thought with sorrow of what my father had said, that if I did not take his advice some evil would happen to me where I would have no one to help me. But much worse was yet to come, as will be seen later on in my story.

The captain of the robber ship kept me as his slave, and I lived with him for two years. But he did not treat me so badly as I had feared. He often went fishing in a boat along the coast, and he always took me and a small boy named Xury with him. Once he sent us out by ourselves. This was the very thing I had long wished for. I had never given up hope of being some day able to get away, and now the chance had come at last.

The fishing boat was a good-sized one, with sails and a small cabin. Before starting I put in some food and water. Then Xury and I set sail. We steered straight out to sea until we lost sight of land. I now told Xury that I did not mean to go back to Sallee, for I had made up my mind to be no longer a slave. I also told him I would be good to him and take care of him if he would help me. He said he would do so, and that he was willing to go with me all over the world.

I then turned our little vessel to the southeast. As the wind was fair and the sea smooth, we made such good sail that by three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day I was sure we were more than a hundred miles from Sallee, and far beyond the reach of my late master. But so great was my fear of again falling into his hands that I would not stop until we had sailed on in the same way for five days.

We were now in sight of land, but I was afraid to go ashore, not knowing what country it was or what sort of people lived there. Giving the helm to Xury, I went into the cabin and sat down to think what I ought to do, when all on a sudden the boy cried out, "Master! master! a ship! a ship!" I rushed from the cabin and found him almost out of his senses with fright. He thought it was a ship

sent from Sallee by his old master to catch us. But I soon saw that it was a European vessel, and I waved a flag for help. The people on the ship seeing the flag, waited for us to come up to them. They wondered very much when I told them my story, and the captain took me and Xury on board his vessel.

CHAPTER III.

ROBINSON'S SECOND SHIPWRECK.

I CANNOT tell how happy I was to be at last out of danger of being again taken by the pirates. The captain was very kind to us. He told me he would carry us without charge to Brazil, where he was then going. He wished to buy Xury, but I did not like to sell the poor boy who had helped me in gaining my freedom. However, as Xury himself was willing, I let the captain have him. He said he would treat him well and set him free in a few years. He also bought the boat and all that I had in it.

We arrived safe in Brazil after a voyage of twenty-two days. I soon learned that the planters in that country lived well and became rich, so I made up my mind to be a planter. With the money that the captain had given me for my boat and the other

things, I bought some land and began to raise sugar and tobacco.

I was now in a fair way of doing well, but I was not yet content. My mind was still as full of thoughts of travel as before I had left my father's house. One day some planters who were neighbors of mine came to me and told me they were fitting out a ship to send to Africa for slaves. They asked me to go as clerk to the captain, telling me I should have a share of the slaves to pay me for going. I gladly agreed, and so the ship was got ready. In an evil hour for myself I went on board, the 1st of September, 1659, the very day on which, eight years before, I had left my father and mother in spite of their good advice.

We set sail on the same day. Our ship carried eleven men, besides the captain, his boy, and myself. In about twelve days we passed the equator, and then a storm came on which took us quite out of our course, so that we did not know where we were. It blew so hard that for many days we could do nothing but drift away before the wind and the high waves. None of us had any hope of saving our lives. Two of our men and the boy were washed overboard and drowned.

Early one morning there was a cry of "Land!" We all rushed from the cabin to look out, but just

then the ship struck upon a sand-bank and the sea broke over her in such a way that we thought we were about to be buried in the deep. One of our two boats was broken by dashing against the ship's rudder. The mate laid hold of the other, and with the help of the rest of the men got her over the side of the vessel. Then we all jumped into her and let her go. We were now in the wild sea, and though we had no hope we worked hard at the oars. We prayed to God, and pulled as well as we could towards the land. But when we had rowed about three miles, a huge wave, mountain high, came rolling behind us. It struck us with such force that it upset the boat at once and threw us all into the sea.

I cannot tell how I felt when I sank into the water. Though I swam very well, I could not free myself from the waves so as to draw my breath, till I was driven a long way in on the shore. I then got on my feet and ran towards the land as fast as I could. But soon I was overtaken by another wave as high as a hill, and then another which dashed me against a rock so that it left me almost senseless. However, a little of my strength came again, and I held on to the rock till the wave went back. Then I took another run. This time I got to the mainland, where I climbed

up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBINSON MAKES A RAFT.

I WAS now landed and safe on shore. The first thing I did was to raise my eyes to Heaven and give thanks to God for His mercy to me. I alone was saved. My mates were all drowned. I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them except three hats, one cap, and two shoes.

When I had rested myself a little, I walked about on the shore to see what kind of a place I was in, and what was next to be done. I was in a very wretched state. I was wet all over; I had no change of clothes, nothing to eat or drink, and I began to fear that I must die of hunger or be eaten by wild beasts. I had no gun to kill any animal for my food, or to defend myself against any animal that might come at me. I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all I had, and the thought of it put me in such a state of mind that for a while I ran about like a madman.

But it soon began to get dark, and I had to think

where I was to pass the night. I could not lie on the ground for fear of wild animals, so the only thing left for me to do was to get up into a thick tree which I saw near me. But before doing this I went to search for water, as I was very thirsty. To my great joy I found some, and after taking a good drink, I climbed into the tree, where I fixed myself so that if I slept I should not fall down. I also cut off a branch, and made out of it a short, thick stick to defend myself with, if I should need to do so. In a few minutes I fell fast asleep, for I was very tired.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. The storm was now over, and the sea was smooth. Looking out upon the water, I saw that the ship had been lifted off the sand-bank, and driven almost as far as the rock against which I had been dashed. She seemed to be standing upright, and not more than a mile from the place where I was.

I now came down from my tree and began to look about me again. The first thing I saw was the boat, which the sea had tossed up on the shore, nearly two miles to the right of me. I started off to walk to it, but I found a neck or inlet of water, about half a mile broad, between me and where the boat was. I then came back, and began to think of trying to reach the ship. This I was able to do

about midday, when the tide was out so far that I could walk to within a short distance of the wreck. I pulled off my clothes, went down to the water edge, and swam up to the vessel. I caught hold of a rope which I saw hanging down her side, and climbed to the deck.

The first thing I did was to search for food. I was very glad to find that the ship's store of food had not been wet, and I took a handful of biscuit and began to eat. While eating I looked about in search of other things, for there was no time to lose, as I had to get ashore before the coming in of the tide.

I soon found a number of things which I knew would be of use to me, but how was I to carry them from the ship? I could think of no way except a raft, and so I set about to make one. There were several large spars of wood on the deck. I flung as many of them overboard as I could handle, taking care to tie each with a rope so that it might not drift away on the water.

When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling the spars towards me, I fastened four of them together at both ends by means of ropes. I then laid other spars on them crosswise. My raft was now made, and I could walk upon it; but it would not bear a very heavy weight, for the pieces

of wood were too light, so I set to work again. With a carpenter's saw which I found in the ship, I cut a mast into three parts and laid these down and fastened them over the cross-spars. This made the raft strong enough.

The next thing to do was to load my raft. I first laid upon it all the planks and boards I could find. Then I made haste to get as much as I was able of the things I should most want. I emptied three of the seamen's chests, and lowered them down upon the raft. Into them I put bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of goat's flesh and the remains of some corn in a bag which had been laid by for fowl we had brought to sea with us. There had been a little barley and wheat together, but I afterwards found that the rats had eaten or spoiled it.

While I was packing the chests I noticed that the tide was coming in, and I saw that my coat, shirt, and vest, which I had left on shore, had been swept away. This put me in mind to look for clothes on the ship, and I found some, but I took only what I needed just then, for there were other things I wanted to get, which I knew would be of great use to me. After a long search I found the carpenter's chest of tools. This was of more value to me than a shipload of gold would have been at



LOADING RAFT FROM WRECK.

that time. I also got two guns, two pistols, and a pair of old swords. I knew there were three barrels of gunpowder in the ship, and I searched until I found them.

After putting all these things upon my raft, I began to think how I should get it to the land. I had neither sails nor oars, and a gust of wind might upset my little store into the water. But the sea was calm, the tide was setting in to the shore, and a gentle breeze was blowing that way. All this was in my favor. I had the good luck also to find two or three broken oars belonging to one of the boats, and two saws, an ax, and a hammer.

I now started off with my cargo. The raft went very well, only that it drifted a little one side from where I had landed before. I then saw that the tide set towards that place, and I hoped to find there some creek or river, up which I might get to land with my goods. It turned out to be as I had hoped. When I came near the shore I saw an opening in the land, like the mouth of a river, which it really was. I guided my raft into it as well as I could, trying to keep in the middle of the stream.

Here I came very near losing my cargo, for one end of the raft ran upon a shoal of sand, and the other end being in the water, it sloped so that all my things would have slipped off, had I not quickly set my back against the chests to keep them in their places. I had to remain in that way until the tide rose higher, and floated my raft off the shoal.

Then I moved up the stream and soon came to a

little cove on the right-hand shore. Here I saw a flat piece of ground which I knew the tide would, in a little while, flow over. When this piece of ground was covered with water about a foot deep, I thrust the raft in, and fastened it by sticking the two broken oars into the earth, one at one end and one at the other. Then I waited till the tide went out, and so I had my raft and cargo safe at last on dry land.

CHAPTER V.

ROBINSON ALONE ON THE ISLAND.

MY next work was to find a safe place to store my goods, and to fix upon some spot for myself to live in. I did not yet know where I was, whether the country was an island or a continent, or whether there were people in it or not. There was a high hill not far off, and I thought that if I should climb to the top of it, I might see better what kind of a place I was in. So I took a gun and a pistol and some powder, and set off for the hill.

When I reached the top and gazed all around, I found to my great grief that I was on an island. On every side I saw the ocean spread out before me, and there was no land in sight, except some

rocks a long way off, and two small islands which lay about ten miles away to the west.

I saw no houses nor any signs of men or women being in the place, so I supposed, as indeed I afterwards found to be the case, that I myself was the only person on the island. I was glad to think that there were no wild beasts, for I could see none. But there were plenty of birds of many different kinds. As I was coming back from the hill I shot at a large bird that was sitting on a tree at the side of a wood. I believe it was the first gunshot that had been heard there since the beginning of the world. The moment I fired, great numbers of birds flew up from all parts of the wood, screaming and crying, but not one of them was of any kind that I had ever seen before. I also saw two or three animals like hares running out of the wood. The bird that I killed was like a hawk, except that it had no sharp claws. Its flesh was not fit to eat.

I now came back to my raft and began to carry off my goods. This took me the rest of the day. Towards evening I made a hut for myself with the chests and boards, and here I slept that night.

Next morning I thought of the ship again, and made up my mind to get as much out of her as I could, for I knew that the first storm that came would break her all in pieces, and sweep everything

belonging to her far beyond my reach. I swam out as before and made another raft. Then I gathered up as many things as I thought it would carry. In the carpenter's store I found three bags of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, several hatchets and a grindstone. In another part of the wreck I got seven or eight guns, two barrels of bullets, some more powder, and a large bag of shot. I also took all the clothes I could find, and the sails and bedding, among which was a hammock. I put all these things on my raft and got them safe ashore.

When I came back to my hut I saw a creature like a wildcat sitting on one of the chests. I went towards her and she ran off a little distance. Then she stood still, and looked full in my face, as if she wished to make friends with me. I pointed my gun at her, but she did not stir, for, I suppose, she had never seen any one with a gun before, and did not know what it meant. I threw her a piece of biscuit and she went up to it and smelled of it. Then she ate it and looked for more. But I had no more to spare, so she marched away.

I now went to work to make a tent with the sails and some poles that I cut for the purpose. When it was finished I put into it everything that I knew would be spoiled by being left out in the rain or sun. Then I piled all the empty chests and barrels

in a circle round the tent to make it strong, and closed up the door with boards. When I had done this I spread one of the beds upon the ground and went to bed for the first time on my island. I slept well until morning, for after my hard day's work I was very tired.

In the morning I swam to the ship again. I thought I ought to get out of her all that I could, so every day I went aboard and brought off something. I took away all the ropes and twine and sails and canvas that I could find. One day, to my great joy, I found a large hogshead of bread, three casks of rum, a box of sugar, and a barrel of flour. Then I began to cut up the great cable of the ship into pieces so that I could easily move them, and to take out all the bits of iron that I could. But the raft on which I carried these things upset just at the entrance to the little cove, and threw me and my cargo into the water. No great harm was done, however, for as I was near the shore, I soon reached dry land, and when the tide was out I got most of the pieces of cable and some of the iron.

I now had been thirteen days on the island and had brought away from the ship all that one pair of hands could bring. If the weather had remained calm, I believe I would have carried off the whole

vessel piece by piece. The last time I went out, the wind began to rise and I had to make haste to get back. Just before I left the ship I found a box in the cabin in which were two or three razors, a pair of large scissors, a dozen knives and forks and about two hundred dollars in gold and silver coin.

I smiled at the sight of this money. "Oh drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art of no use to me. One of these knives is of more value than thou. Remain where thou art and go to the bottom of the sea as a thing not worth saving." However, I thought I might as well take it with me, so I wrapped the coins up in a piece of cloth, and began to think of making another raft. But while I was getting ready to do this I saw that a storm was coming, and that it blew from the land. As I could not move a raft against the wind, there was nothing for me now to do but to swim ashore with all I could carry. I reached my little tent in safety and lay down to sleep with all my goods all about me.

It blew very hard all night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold! no ship was to be seen. I was a little troubled at this, still I felt glad in thinking that I had made the most of my time while the ship was within reach. I had taken

everything I could out of her, and there was nothing left that I was able to bring away even if I had had more time.

CHAPTER VI.

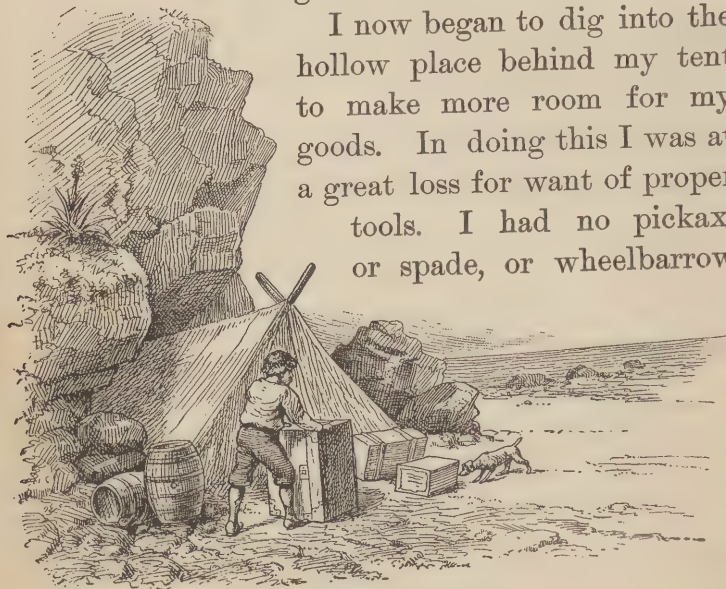
ROBINSON BUILDS A HOUSE.

I now began to think about fixing on a good spot where I might build some kind of a house to live in. After looking around for a while, I found a little bit of plain or level ground at the foot of a hill. The front of this hill, facing the plain, was as steep as a wall, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of the hill, or rock, there was a hollow place worn a little way in, like the mouth to a cave. Here, I said, I will make my house. The plain was about a hundred yards broad and two hundred yards wide. It looked towards the sea and was well sheltered from the heat of the sun, for it was on the northwest side of the hill.

The first thing I did was to draw a half circle, ten yards wide, round in front of the hollow place in the rock. Into this space I carried all my goods, after which I set about to build a tent. I made it double, so that I had one tent within another, and

I covered the outside tent with a large sailcloth. Then I fixed up a hammock in my new house to sleep in, which was better than lying on the ground.

I now began to dig into the hollow place behind my tent to make more room for my goods. In doing this I was at a great loss for want of proper tools. I had no pickax, or spade, or wheelbarrow



LOCATION OF HOUSE.

to carry away the earth and stones. For a pickax I had to use one of the iron crowbars I got out of the ship, which did very well for the purpose. I could have made a wheelbarrow, all except the wheel, but I had not the least thought of how to go about this, so I had to give up the idea. For taking away the earth I made a thing like a hod that laborers use

for carrying mortar and bricks. In one of my rambles I found a tree of the kind which in Brazil is called the iron tree, because the wood of it is very hard. I made a shovel out of a piece of this wood. It took me a great while to chip it and pare it into the right shape, and it did not last very long, having no iron upon it.

At length my cave was finished, as I thought, but one day a large mass of earth fell suddenly down from the top and one of the sides. By good luck I was not in it at the time. If I had been I might have been killed. To prevent the earth from falling again I propped up the roof with strong posts, and above them I put boards for a ceiling.

I next set to work to make a wall round my tent. In the half circle I had first marked out I fixed two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground until they stood very firm. The stakes were about five feet high, and sharp at the top, and the two rows were about six inches apart. Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another between the rows of the stakes up to the top. I also made a bank of earth two feet high up against the stakes on the inside, and a wall of sods two feet thick up to the top on the outside.

When I had finished my wall, it was so strong

that neither man nor beast could get in. I left no place for a door because I did not wish to have one. I got in and out by a short ladder, which I lifted up after me whenever I went in. But some time afterwards I made a back door to my house. This I did by digging through the side of my cave on the right, until I had made an opening into the plain on the outside of my wall. I also made a roof over my tent, of poles or rafters, which I laid across from the top of the sod wall to the side of the rock, and I covered it with leaves and boughs of trees like thatch. This kept out the rain, which often fell very heavy.

All these things took me a very long time to do. It was nearly a whole year before I had finished my fence or paling. The stakes had to be cut and dressed in the woods and then carried to the little plain on the hillside. This was very hard and slow work. Sometimes I spent two days in cutting and bringing home one stake, and another day in driving it into the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBINSON MAKES A CALENDAR.

WHILE busy with other things I did not forget about keeping count of time. I thought of this when

I had been about ten or twelve days on the island. I had then no books or pens or ink, but I saw that without marking the days in some way, I should soon not be able to know one day from another. After thinking a while I fixed upon a plan. I got a long post and nailed a thick board crossways upon it near the top. Upon this board I cut the following words in capital letters with my knife.

I CAME ON SHORE HERE
ON THE
30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1659

Then I set the cross upright and fixed it firmly in the ground on the spot where I first landed. I had made the post square on the sides, and on one of the sides I cut a notch every day. On the seventh day I cut a notch twice the length for Sunday, and a notch twice that length again on every first day of a



CALENDAR.

month. This was my calendar, and I kept it fairly well, except that after a time I failed to make the notch long on Sunday, and so I then could not tell that day from any other.

But soon after I put up my calendar post I found plenty of paper, pens, and ink in one of the parcels I had taken from the ship. I also found three Bibles, two or three prayer-books, and several other books. I took great care of all these things, and as long as the ink lasted I wrote a daily account of nearly everything I did and everything that happened to me. This is how I began my account:

“*September 30, 1659.* I, poor miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm, came on shore on this unfortunate island, which I called the ‘Island of Despair,’ all the rest of the ship’s company being drowned, and I almost dead.”

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBINSON’S LONELINESS.

I WAS now fixed in my house, and I was much better off than I had expected to be when I was cast ashore after the shipwreck. But I could not help often thinking over my lonely lot. I was cut off from all the world, without hope of ever seeing friends or perhaps any human being again. Then

tears would start to my eyes and run down my cheeks, and I would wonder why God had allowed me to be made so unhappy, that I could hardly be thankful for such a life.

But something always came into my mind to check me for thinking so. It is true I was cast on a lonely island, but my life was spared; I was not drowned, as all my mates were. I was away from all the rest of mankind, but I was saved from death, and He who had saved me could bring me back to my friends. I had no one to speak to or help me, but there were no wild beasts or savage men to kill or hurt me. What would have become of me if I had been left in the state in which I was when I was cast upon the shore, without food, without clothes, without shelter? What would have been my case if the ship had not been driven so near the shore, or if the second storm had come on before I had had time to get so many things out of the wreck to supply my wants?

I talked to myself in this way when I felt lonely or unhappy, and so all my sad thoughts ended in thanks to God for His mercy and goodness to me. I also began to be content with my lot, and I gave up looking out to sea in hope of spying a coming ship, as I used to do every day for a good while after being cast upon the island.

CHAPTER IX.

FURNISHING THE HOUSE.

DURING the time I was building my house I now and then did something to make it comfortable inside. I made a table and a chair with the boards I got on the ship. I also fixed up some shelves in my cave to put my things on, and keep them in an orderly way, so that I might know where to find anything when I needed it.

It was not easy for me to make those shelves, for I was not used to the work, and I had not the right tools to make boards in the proper way. When I wanted a board, I had to cut down a tree and chip it on both sides with my ax till I had it as thin as I wished it to be. Then I made it as smooth as I could with my adz, one of the tools I found in the ship carpenter's chest. This was a very slow way of making boards, and very wasteful, for I could make only one out of a whole tree. However, I had plenty of time and plenty of trees.

At first I was at a great loss for want of light at night. I had no lamp or candles, and as there was no pleasure in sitting in the dark, I went to bed shortly after sunset. But I soon thought of the goat's fat, and I put some of it in a clay dish which

I baked in the sun, and with a wick of hemp, got from old ropes belonging to the ship, it made a very good lamp.

In searching among my things one day, I came upon the corn bag in which barley and some other grain was kept for feeding our chickens at sea. As I wanted the bag and there seemed to be nothing left in it but husks and dust, I shook the stuff out of it on one side of my wall under the rock. This was just before a heavy fall of rain, and in about a month afterwards I noticed small green blades shooting up where I had shaken the bag. In a little while longer I saw ten or twelve ears of barley and stalks of rice. Later on, when they became ripe, I carefully saved them for seed, hoping in time to have corn to make bread of. And at the proper season I sowed my seed and had a small crop, which I again saved and sowed. It was not until the fourth year that I touched a grain of it to eat.

CHAPTER X.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

THE day after my wall was finished a frightful thing happened. As I was busy inside the wall, a

quantity of earth fell down from the roof of my cave and from the rock over my head. I hurried out in great fear, and I saw at once that it was an earthquake, for the ground shook beneath me. I saw also that the sea was in great motion. Then there came another shock and then another, the earth shaking and swaying dreadfully.

I was filled with fear, and sat down upon the ground, not knowing what to do. Every moment I feared that the hill would fall upon my tent and bury me and all my things beneath it. The air now began to get dark, and soon after the wind rose, and in about half an hour it blew so hard that trees were torn up by the roots. This lasted for about three hours, and then it got calm, but rain began to fall heavily.

It rained all that night and next day. I now thought it would not be safe for me to live any longer in the cave and that I must fix my tent in some better place. But I lost courage when I began to think of the time and labor it would take without proper tools. The few tools I had were not as good as when I first came on the island. They were now blunt and notched with all the chipping and cutting I had done. I had a grindstone, but I could not turn it and grind my tools at the same time, for I should have to use both my hands in holding a

tool to the stone. At length, however, after a great deal of thinking and labor, I made a wheel with a string fixed to it, by means of which I was able to turn the stone with my foot. I then spent two days sharpening my tools, and I found that my wheel and string worked very well.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBINSON SICK.

It rained so hard one day that I had to stay in my tent, and in the evening I felt a chill all over me. Next morning I was sick, and before night I became much worse. I had a severe headache, and I could get no sleep. A fit of shivering would come upon me, and then a cold fit with sweating. This lasted for seven hours. But though I was very ill and weak I had to go out with my gun to find something to eat. I killed a goat and had hard work to carry it home. Next day I was not able to leave my bed. I ate nothing and I was nearly dead with thirst, but I had not strength enough to stand up to get water. I lay on my bed, not knowing what was to become of me, and often crying out, "Lord, look upon me. Lord, pity me." At last I fell asleep and did not wake till morning.

After a while I felt somewhat better. Then I got up and went out with my gun, but being still weak, I did not go far. I sat down upon the ground, looking out upon the water, and as I sat, thoughts like these began to come into my mind :

What is the earth and what is the sea? Who made them? What am I and what are all the other creatures in the world? Who made us? Surely we are all made by some great Power. What is that Power? It is certainly God. Then if He has made all these things, He guides and takes care of them. And nothing can be without His knowledge. He knows then that I am here, and it is by His will that all these evils have come upon me.

Then I thought—Why has God done this to me? What have I done to be thus used?

But quickly a voice, as if within me, seemed to answer: “Dost thou ask what thou hast done? Look back upon thy life so ill-spent, and ask why thou wert not punished long ago?—why thou wert not killed by the Moors? Ask why thou wert not drowned with all the rest of the ship’s crew?”

With such thoughts in my mind, I rose up and went back to my tent. Before going to bed I took out one of my Bibles. I had not looked into the Holy Book for many years before, and, as if God

were guiding me at that moment, the first words that caught my eyes when I opened it were these :

“ Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will help thee.”

These words were very fitting to my case, and I thought much upon them then and afterwards. Before I lay down to sleep, I prayed earnestly to God to fulfil the promise to me that if I called upon Him in my trouble, He would save me. I believe I must have slept all through the next day and night, for I since found that I missed one notch on my calendar post. However, I was very much the better for my sound sleep. In the morning I took my Bible again, and every day I read a portion of it, morning and evening.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBINSON'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

IN about twelve months after the time I was cast ashore my house was finished, and it was as strong and safe as I could make it. I now thought I would go to see other parts of the island where I had not yet been, and so I set out for a journey into the country. I first went up by the little creek, and when I had gone a few miles I found that it

was no more than a little brook of running water. On its banks were beautiful meadows covered with fine grass. Above these meadows I saw a great deal of the tobacco plant, which grew there to a large size. I also saw many aloe plants and sugar-canes.

Further on I came to higher ground, partly covered with woods. Here there were fruit-trees and plants of different kinds. I did not know the names of many of them, but I found melons and limes and grapes in great plenty. The grapes were now ripe, and they hung in large clusters from the vines which had spread over the trees. I gathered a quantity and left them to dry in the sun. Afterwards I did the same every season, so that I always had a supply of dried grapes, or raisins, and they were very pleasant and good to eat.

I did not go back to my house that night, for the weather was warm and I wished to go farther into the island. I slept in a tree, and next morning I travelled on about four miles in a northerly direction, with hills in front of me, until I came to an opening where the land sloped off towards the west. Here I found a spring of water on the side of a hill, and the valley below was so green and fresh and beautiful that it looked like a planted garden. I saw a great many cocoa trees, also orange and lemon

and citron trees. But they were all wild and few of them had fruit, at least not at that time. However, I found some green limes which were very pleasant to eat, and the juice of them, mixed with water, made a very cooling drink.

I thought this would be a good place to live in, and for some time I had it in my mind to build a house and move all my things there. But I soon saw that it would not be a wise thing to do. I still had hope that some day a ship would come by the island, so that I might have a chance of getting away. But the valley was not in view of the sea, and if I lived there, a ship might pass and I might not see it, so I lived on in my cave at the shore.

However, I often went to the beautiful valley, and I built a sort of tent or bower in it with a high fence around it, and a ladder to go in and out. The fence was made of stakes or slips of willow which I cut in the woods. I was well pleased on finding that they soon took root and threw out branches, and in a season or two I had a nice hedge round my bower. In this pleasant spot, in the midst of trees and fruits and flowers, I sometimes spent two or three days and nights together, so that I now had my country house and my seaside house.

On very wet days I remained within doors, and I always found plenty to do in putting things in or-

der, and in making such things as I needed and was able to make with the tools I had. When I was a boy at home I often spent much of my time in a basket-maker's shop in the town where my father lived, and from watching the men at work I soon learned very well how it was done. All that I now needed, therefore, in order to make baskets, was the proper kind of rods or twigs, and one day I thought of the willow hedge around my bower. So I went to my country house and cut a great many twigs and set them to dry, and I found that they did quite well. Then I had new work at home for rainy days. I made a great many baskets which were very useful for holding and carrying things in.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROBINSON'S JOURNEY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND.

SOME time after building my country house I began to have a wish to see more of the island, so I set out again, taking with me my dog and gun and hatchet and much more powder than usual, with a great bunch of raisins for food on the way. I passed near the valley where my bower stood, and in a little while came in view of the sea on the west.

This was right across the island from the side on which I lived. The sky was very clear, and looking out upon the ocean, straight before me, I could see land at a distance, as it seemed, of about fifty or sixty miles. I did not know what it was, but I thought it must be South America.

I found the side of the island where I now was much pleasanter than my own. There were fine woods and beautiful fields full of grass and flowers. I saw a great many parrots, and after a good deal of trouble I caught a young one, which I brought home. It was a long time before I could make it speak, but at last it learned to call me by my name very well.

In this journey on the west side I saw a great many hares and foxes as well as goats. There were also large numbers of pigeons. They did not build their nests in trees, but in the holes of rocks. I afterwards caught some young ones, ^{and} tried to breed them up tame, but when they grew older they all flew away.

I walked along the coast for about twelve miles towards the east, and set up a tall pole on the beach for a mark. The shore here was covered with turtles, and there were a great many penguins and other seabirds of different kinds which I had not seen before. On my way home my dog caught a

young kid, and I ran up and saved it alive. I brought it to my bower, which was not far off, and leaving it in a yard there, returned to my seaside house.

I had been absent for some days, and I was very glad to get home again. I rested from hard work for nearly a week, during which time I made a cage for Poll, who soon began to be very friendly with me. Then I thought of the kid and I went to fetch it home. When I reached my bower I found the poor thing almost starved, for it could not get out. After I fed it, it followed me home like a dog, and from that time it became one of my family.

But afterwards I caught and tamed two or three goats, and soon there were young ones. Then I fenced in a small park for my stock, and before very long my flock numbered twenty or thirty, so that I had plenty of milk, as well as goat's flesh, whenever I wanted it.

CHAPTER XIV.

GRINDING CORN AND BAKING BREAD.

It was more than three years before I had a good crop of corn. The first year the seed did not grow very well, for I had not sown it in the proper set.

son. There were two dry seasons and two rainy seasons in the island, and when I came to know about them, I found I could have two harvests every year. March and April, and September and October were the rainy months. The other months were dry and warm. I dug a piece of ground for a cornfield, and made a fence about it with stakes that grew into a hedge, as at my country house. This kept out the wild goats and hares, which before had done much harm to my crops. But when the fence was up I found that I had to do something to save my corn from the birds. I shot many of them; still they came in great numbers, and I began to fear that they would ruin all my harvest. Then I tried a plan which worked well. I took three dead birds, which I had shot, and hung them up in the field to scare the others. After this no bird came near my corn so long as the dead ones hung there.

The sowing of my corn was very hard work. Having no plow or spade to turn up the earth, I had to do it with my wooden shovel, which took me a very long time. For a harrow, or rake, I had to use a heavy bough of a tree, which I dragged over the surface of the soil, after I had scattered my seed. When my corn was ripe I had to cut it down, as well as I could, with a sickle made out of one of the old swords I found in the ship.

But the greatest trouble I had was in grinding my corn. I had no mill, nor tools to cut and dress stones to grind with, even though I had known how to do such work. The only thing I could think of was to get a great block of hard wood, and to scoop out a round hole on one side of it. Into this hole I put some of my corn, and pounded it with a thick piece of wood which I had made round at one end. I now had meal, but how was I to sift it to take away the husks or chaff? It was a long time before I could think of any way of doing this. At last I remembered that among the clothes I took out of the ship, there were some pieces of thin calico, or muslin, which the men had used for neckties. I fastened two or three of these together and shook my meal through it, and I found that the plan worked very well.

The next thing was to bake my bread. I had to do without yeast, for I knew no way of making any. But I had to have an oven of some kind, so I set to thinking how to supply this want. There was plenty of clay on the island very fit for making tiles and vessels, and I made up my mind to try if I could do it. This took a long time and a great deal of labor. After digging the clay and kneading it into a paste, I shaped it into vessels as well as I could. I made some of them square and about two feet long

and nine inches deep. I also made large square tiles. The vessels I made first were very ugly, ill-formed things, and I had to try many times before I got them into a shape to please me. Then I left them to dry in the sun. The next thing was to burn them in a large fire, so as to make them hard and strong enough for use.

All this took me many days, but at length, to my great joy, I found that I had a vessel in which I could boil my meat and make broth. And I afterwards made all the vessels I needed—pots, dishes, pitchers, and other things. With the square tiles I made a floor or paving, on which I baked my bread after heating the floor with a strong fire. When I had set my dough in loaves upon the tiles, I placed the square vessels down upon them so as to cover them, and then drew the fire round about my vessels, or ovens, as I might call them. Thus I baked my loaves. In a little time I made cakes and puddings of my rice, of which I also raised a good quantity.

CHAPTER XV.

ROBINSON MAKES A BOAT.

AFTER I had seen the land in the distance, from the other side of my island, I often wished that I

could get to that place. I thought there might be people on it, and that if I were there, I might see some vessel which would take me to America or to England. But how was I to get there? I thought of the ship's boat that had been thrown up on the shore by the storm, so I went to look at it. It lay almost where it did at first, but the force of the wind and waves had turned it bottom upwards. If I could have launched it into water I believe it would have carried me to Brazil. All my strength was not enough, however, to do this, though I tried hard and for a long time.

At last I gave it up, and then it came into my mind that I could make a boat or canoe out of the trunk of a tree, so I soon set about the work. I fixed upon a large cedar tree, and it took me twenty days to cut it down. The trunk of it was six feet thick and twenty-two feet long. I spent a month chipping and shaping it outside in the form of a boat, and three months in cutting and working the inside of it. When this was done it was a very good boat, and large enough to carry more than twenty men.

But all my time and labor were spent in vain, for I could not get it to the water. It lay about a hundred yards from the creek, and it was so big and heavy that I was not able to stir it. I now saw how foolish it is to begin any work without

being quite sure one can finish it. Still I was bent on having a boat that I could use, so I cut down another tree and made a light canoe, which I was able easily to move. Then I dug a canal or trench from the creek to where it lay, and launched it into the water.

My vessel was now afloat, but it was too small for a long sea voyage, so I had to give up the thought of trying to reach the land that I could see from the hilltops on the east. The canoe was of some service to me, however. I fitted it up with a mast and sail, and had many pleasant trips in it along the coast of my little kingdom, as I might call it, for I was indeed king and lord of the whole island, though I had no one to rule over except my dog and cats and goats and my pretty Poll.

I taught Poll to repeat my name and say a few other words, and she was the only talking companion I had for many years. Once, after coming ashore from a long trip in my canoe, during which I nearly lost my life, for I went out too far, I walked to my bower, or country house, and crossing the fence, I lay down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was very tired. In a few moments I fell asleep, but you may fancy my surprise when I was wakened by a voice crying out, "Robin Crusoe! Poor Robin Crusoe! Where have you been? How came you here, poor Robin Crusoe?"

I started up in great fear. I could not think for the moment who or what it could be, but as soon as my eyes were wide open I saw my pretty Poll sitting on the top of the hedge. Then I knew that it was she that had spoken, for I had taught her those words myself, and she would often perch on my thumb, and, with her bill close to my face, would cry, "Where have you been? How came you here, poor Robin Crusoe?" I did not know how the bird had got to my bower, for I had left her at my house on the other side of the island. But she seemed glad to see me again, and I carried her with me home, as I always called my seaside house.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROBINSON MAKES HIS OWN CLOTHES.

WHEN I had been four years on the island, which was at the time I had finished the first boat, my clothes were almost all worn out, and so I had to think about making some. I had nothing to make them of except the skins of the animals I had killed. These I had saved up, after drying them in the sun, and I now found them very useful. I made a hat and coat and breeches and leggings, all of goatskin, with the hair outside.

Dressed in this suit, I looked a very strange figure when I went to hunt or to take a ramble through my island. My hat was a very high one, and it had



a flap hanging down behind to keep the rain from running into my neck. My coat had skirts reaching to the middle of my thighs, and my breeches, or short trousers, were open at the knees for coolness,

the weather being sometimes very hot. As for shoes and stockings, I had none, but my leggings served me very well instead. I had a belt of goatskin round my waist, in which on one side hung my saw, and on the other a hatchet. I had also a belt over my shoulder, and at the end of it, under my left arm, were fastened two goatskin bags containing powder and shot. On my back I carried a basket, and on my shoulder my gun.

I must not forget to mention my umbrella, which was of very great use to me in shading me from the sun as well as keeping off the rain. It took me a great deal of time and labor to make this umbrella. I spoiled two or three before I made one that I could use. The chief trouble I had was to make it so that I could let it down. But at last I did this, and whenever I went out I carried my goatskin umbrella under my arm.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROBINSON AND HIS FAMILY AT DINNER.

I HAD now most things that I wanted except friends of my own kind, and this I had at that time no hope of ever having again. Still I had a great deal to make me happy and thankful to God.

I must not forget to state that there were two cats and a dog in the ship. I found the three alive when I first went to the wreck, and I carried the



MY LITTLE FAMILY.

cats ashore with me. The dog swam ashore himself after me.

It would have made one smile to see me and my little family sit down to dinner. My dog always sat on the floor close to my chair, and my two cats, one on each side of the table, kept gazing at me,

expecting now and then a bit from my own hand. My pretty Poll was there too, the only one with whom I could have a friendly talk.

For my meals I always had plenty of things that were good and pleasant to eat. I had soup when I wished for it, and flesh, roast or boiled, and bread and milk. I also had butter and cheese, which, after a great deal of trouble, I got to be able to make very well, and for dessert I had raisins and rice pudding.

My table was well supplied, and I never began to eat without thanking God for His mercy and goodness to me. I felt how much reason I had to be thankful and content. How much better off was I than I could have hoped when I was cast ashore from the wreck! At that time it seemed as if I could do nothing but lie down and die of hunger, but God had sent me everything that I really needed. He had sent me the means to get food and clothing and shelter for myself. He had spread for me a good table in a far-away island, where one might think man could not live.

I had therefore great reason to be thankful to God, and I learned to take pleasure in the things I had, instead of feeling unhappy about what I had not. And so I came to think that many people are unhappy because they do not try to enjoy what God

has given them, but are always wishing for things He has not given them, and which, if they only thought rightly upon it, they would find they did not really need.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOOTMARK IN THE SAND.

THUS I lived on my island for several years without anything very wonderful happening to me. I sowed and reaped my corn, and took care of my stock, and went boating, and made baskets and other useful things within doors in wet weather, and so I spent my time. I often passed days together at my country house, for it was here I raised and dried my grapes, and had my goat park. Whenever I went for a sail I also visited my bower, as it was about half way between my cave at the seaside and the little creek towards the northern part of the island where I kept my boat.

But now I come to tell of a thing that frightened me very much. One day during my fifteenth year in the island, as I was going towards my boat, I was startled at beholding on the sand the print of a man's naked foot. I felt as if I had seen a ghost. I listened and looked around, but could not see or

hear anything. I went to the top of a hill that was close by, and gazed on every side, but saw nobody.



THE FOOTMARK.

Then I hastened back to the spot to look again, thinking that I might have been mistaken. But

there it was—a man's footmark—toes, heel and every part exact.

What did it mean? How did it come there? I could not think how, but I hurried home to my cave in great fear, often looking behind me, and thinking that every stump of a tree at a distance was a man. When I came to my castle, for so I now called it, I fled into it as if a wild beast were at my heels.

I slept none that night, my mind was so filled with dread. Somebody had surely been on the island. I was thankful that I was not on the shore at the time. Perhaps more than one had come. Perhaps it was some of the savages from the mainland, across from my island, who had gone out to sea in their canoes, and they might come again and kill me. And if they did not find me, they might find out my house and destroy all my corn and carry off my goats.

I thought often afterwards how strange the nature of man is. To-day we love what to-morrow we hate. To-day we seek what to-morrow we shun. To-day we wish to have what to-morrow we fear. So it was shown in me at this time. For during all those fifteen years, my only grief was that I was cast off from the whole human family, and often I felt that to see one of my own kind would be the great-

est blessing that Heaven could bestow upon me. Yet now I was ready to sink into the earth with fear, at the bare idea of a man having set foot on the island.

For three days I remained in my castle, my mind filled with thoughts of being found and killed by the savages. One morning, when I took up my Bible, the first words I saw on opening it were, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart." These words gave me new heart, and I took courage to go out again. I began to feel the want of food, for I had nothing in the house but cakes and water. I knew too that my goats needed to be milked, so I set off for my country house. On the way I often looked behind, fearing that some one might be following me, but after I had gone to my bower and back two or three days I got to be less afraid.

Still I could not forget about the mark in the sand, and I now began to think it might be the print of my own foot. Strange I had not thought of this before! So I went to the place again, and measured the mark, but I found it was much larger than my own foot. I was now more afraid than ever, and I hurried back to my castle, feeling certain that people had been on the island, and thinking they might come upon me at any moment.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROBINSON GUARDS HIS CASTLE AND FLOCK.

I WAS now sorry I had a back door to my cave and that it was on the outside of my wall, for I thought if any of the savages came and found my house, they could get in by this door. I then saw I must have another wall. Some years before I had planted a double row of trees round in front of my fence. These trees were so close to one another that all I had now to do was to drive a few stakes between them, and my new wall would soon be made. I strengthened this new wall or fence with blocks of wood and old cables, and I had seven holes in it for seven guns. Then I made it ten feet thick by piling earth up against it on the inside. This earth I dug at the back of my cave, and carried out in baskets. I set the guns in the holes, fitting them into frames which held them tightly, and I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes.

Thus I built my fort. When it was finished I planted the space all around in front of it with trees, and in a few years I had a wood about my castle so thick that no person would ever think any one lived there. I had no path through it nor door

or gate to the wall. I got in and out from the rock at the back by two ladders. One reached from a ledge of the rock to the top of the outer wall, and the other from that to the ground. When I took away the ladders, as I always did after going in or out, no man could come down into my castle without great danger to himself.

I had now to think of my goats. What if the savages should come and carry them off? It would be a very great loss to me. I might shoot a wild goat when I wanted flesh meat, but without the tame ones I could have no milk or butter or cheese. The plan I thought of was to make two or three small yards or parks at a distance from one another, and put into each a few of my best young goats. Then, if anything happened to my flock at the bower, I should still have some left. So I searched through the woods and soon found bits of land such as I wanted. After strongly fencing these plots I put some of my goats into each of them, and I now felt that my castle and my stock were as safe as they could be made.

About this time my dog died, at which I was much grieved. He had been a faithful friend and companion to me for sixteen years, and then died of old age. But I still had my pretty Poll and cats more than I wanted.

CHAPTER XX.

ROBINSON SEES A HEART-SICKENING SIGHT.

ABOUT two years after I had seen the footmark in the sand, I was rambling one day on the west point of the island. I had gone to the top of a hill farther out than I had been before, when I saw something like a boat upon the sea at a great distance off. I gazed at it for a long time, but could not make out whether it was really a boat or not. Then I came down the hill to the shore, and there a shocking sight met my eyes. The bones of men lay scattered over the sand. I grew sick at heart and almost fell down in a faint. When I had come to myself a little, I saw the marks of a fire with a ring around the spot, as if some persons had been sitting there at a feast.

I was now quite sure that the savages sometimes came to the island. However, as it seemed that they came no farther than the shore, I was not so much frightened as when I saw the footmark. But I took great care to do nothing that would make a noise which they might hear. For two years I never once fired my gun, though I always had it with me when I went out. I would not drive a nail or chop wood, and I baked my bread during the night so that no

smoke might be seen in the daytime. But I afterwards found a way of having a fire without smoke. I burned wood under sods, as I had seen done in England, until it became charcoal. Then I put the fire out. This charcoal burned well and gave good heat without making any smoke.

Every morning for some time I went to the top of the hill about three miles from my castle to look out for boats. I took with me my glass, which I had found in one of the seamen's chests on the wreck. With this I could see things at a great distance off, but I saw no boats or savages, though I kept watch on the hill a while every day for three months.

I did not forget my own little boat, which was in the creek on the west side of the island. Fearing the savages might find it, I took it away to the east side—the side on which my castle was—and ran it into a small cove under some high rocks, where I knew nobody would be likely to come.

After this for a good while I spent most of my time within doors. I seldom went out except to milk my goats and get wood for making charcoal.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROBINSON FINDS A BEAUTIFUL CAVE.

ONE day when I was in the woods cutting branches to make charcoal, I saw a hollow space at the back of some thick bushes. I went to look at it, and going into the opening, I found that it was high enough for me to stand up in. But I quickly got out of the place, for on peering in I saw two broad, shining eyes which twinkled like two stars. I was very much frightened, still I would not go away without finding out what the thing was, so I set fire to a branch of a tree and rushed in with it in my hand. I had not gone three steps, when I was almost as much frightened as before, for I heard a loud sigh like that of a person in pain, and then a sound as if some one had spoken, and then another sigh. I stepped back in great fear.

After a little while, I took courage and went in again, holding the lighted stick over my head. Then I found that the thing that frightened me so much was a large goat. He was lying on the ground breathing hard and dying of old age. I stirred him a little to see if I could get him out, and he tried to stand up, but was not able. So I let him lie there, and I thought with myself that if any

of the savages should come to the cave while he had life in him, he would frighten them as much as he frightened me.

I then began to look round the place, and I saw that the cave was a very small one. There was an opening or passage at the end of it, which was so low that I could not get in except on my hands and knees. I did not try to do this, as I had not light enough, but I came the next day with candles, for I now made good ones of goats' lard. I then crept into the passage, and crawled along on my hands and feet about ten yards, until I found myself in a cave nearly twenty feet high. When I stood up and the light of my two candles fell upon the sides and roof of this cave, it seemed as if a thousand lights were around me. It was the most delightful place I had ever seen on the island. The walls shone like glittering stars. What was in the rock to make it shine so, I did not know, but I thought it was gold or precious stones.

I was very glad that I had found this cave. The floor was dry and level, and there was no dampness on the walls. I thought it would be the best place to hide from the savages if ever they found out my two houses. The old goat died the same day, and I dug a big hole and buried him. Then I brought to the cave some of my guns and pistols and powder

and shot, as they were the things I most wished to save. I left five guns in the wall at my castle, and stored the rest in the cave, except one that I carried about with me.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROBINSON SEES SAVAGES ON THE SHORE.

AT the time I found the cave, I had been twenty-three years on the island, and I was so used to the place that I would have been content to remain in it all my life, if I were quite sure no savages would come to disturb me. Though I was alone, I made my spare time pass very pleasantly. I had my pretty Poll to speak to, and two more parrots which talked very well and would call "Robin Crusoe," but not like the first, for I had taken more pains in teaching her than the others. Then I had always about me two or three kids, which I taught to feed out of my hand, and I had some tame sea-birds that I caught upon the shore.

With these I amused myself in the evenings after my day's work of sowing or reaping my corn and attending to my goat parks. And so I would have been very content with my life only for fear of the savages. One morning very early, just after I got

out of my castle to go to my cornfield, I was startled at seeing a light as of fire upon the shore. To my great terror, it was on my side of the island, and, as I thought, not more than two miles off. I hastened back to my house, where I remained for some hours thinking what I ought to do. But I could not sit any longer without knowing the cause of the fire. So, taking my glass, I went out, and going up to the top of the hill, I lay down with my face to the ground and looked towards the shore.

Then for the first time I saw the savages. There were nine of them sitting round a fire on the sand. They did not need a fire for warming themselves, for the weather was hot, but they made it, as I supposed, for cooking their horrid food of men's flesh, which they had brought with them—whether alive or dead, I did not know. They had two canoes dragged up on the shore, and after a while I saw them drag the canoes back into the water and row or paddle away.

As soon as they were gone I took two guns on my shoulders, two pistols in my belt, and my sword by my side, and went with all the speed I could to the hill near which I had first seen bones scattered on the sand. When I reached this hill I found that there had been three canoes more of savages at that

place, for I saw all the canoes at sea rowing towards the land in the distance.

I now made up my mind that the next time I saw any of those savages, I would fire upon them and kill as many of them as I could, for I knew what they had come to the island to do. But afterwards I thought it would not be right for me to kill them. They had done me no harm. God had given me no power over them. And perhaps they did not know that they were doing wrong.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VESSEL IS WRECKED ON THE ISLAND.

ABOUT a year after I had seen the savages, a great thunder-storm came on. It was on the sixteenth of May, as I found from my wooden calendar, which I still kept. The storm blew very hard all day and all night, so that I had to stay within doors. About bedtime, as I was reading my Bible, I heard the noise of a gun coming, as I thought, from the sea. I rushed out and hastened to the top of the hill, and just then I heard another gun. Believing that it must be from a ship in distress, I gathered a large heap of wood and set fire to it, hoping that the people in the ship would see it, as

I think they did, for as soon as the heap blazed up, there was another shot, and in a few minutes two or three more. Then I piled up more wood so as to keep the fire burning all night:

In the morning when I looked out I saw something a great distance off in the sea on the south. Taking my gun in my hand, I ran to the rocks on the south side of my island, where I had once been nearly lost with my little boat. Then getting upon a cliff, I plainly saw the wreck of a ship, cast away upon the rocks during the night. I could not see any person on the wreck or near it, though I had my glass; so I did not know whether any of the people had been saved or not.

I cannot tell how much I longed for even one person to be saved from this wreck. While I stood watching it I cried aloud several times, "Oh, that one soul had been saved out of this ship to come to me, so that I might have one companion, one fellow-creature to speak to me!" In all my lonely life on the island I had never felt so strong a desire for a companion, or so much grief for the want of one. I repeated a thousand times the words "Oh, that even one had been saved!" But I never knew till the last year of my being on the island whether any one had been saved out of that ship or not.

I now thought I would go out to the wreck in my canoe, and see whether I could find anything in it that would be of use to me. So I hastened back to my castle to make ready for the voyage. I took some bread and rice and cheese and raisins and a bottle of goat's milk and a jar of water. These I carried down to my boat, and then I got the little vessel out and started off. I rowed along the shore until I came to the north-west point of the island. Here I found the sea so rough that I did not think it safe to go out far from the land ; so I turned into a little creek, where I remained for that night, sleeping in my canoe.

Early in the morning, as the tide was going out and the sea was calmer, I set off again. In less than two hours I came up to the wreck. It was a sad sight to see. The ship was stuck fast, jammed in between two rocks. Her stern had been beaten to pieces by the waves and her masts broken off. When I came close to where she lay, a dog jumped yelping into the sea and swam up to me. I took him into my boat and gave him some bread, which he seized and ate like a starving wolf. I then gave him water, and he lapped it up so eagerly that he would have burst, if I had let him take all he wanted.

After this I went on board. In the cook's room I found two men dead, with their arms fast about

one another. There was no one alive on the ship, and most of the goods I saw were spoiled by water. I guessed the vessel had been bound for Spain. I took two of the seamen's chests into my boat without opening them at the time. I also took a small cask of liquor, a horn of powder, a fire-shovel, two brass kettles, and a copper pot. With this cargo and the dog I came away, and reached the island again in the evening.

I slept that night in the boat. In the morning I got my things ashore, and I thought it best to store them in my new cave. I found some good shirts and handkerchiefs and neckties in one of the chests. In the other I found three bags of gold coins and some bars of gold. I had no use whatever for this money. I would have given it all for three or four pairs of shoes and stockings, for I had had none on my feet for many years. I had, indeed, now got two pairs of shoes, which I took off the drowned men in the wreck, but they were so large and heavy that they were of little use to me.

I now set about to carry the things I had got in the wreck to my new cave. When this was done, I went back to my boat and rowed her along the shore to her old harbor in the little creek, where I laid her up. I then went home to my castle, and found everything there safe as I had left it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROBINSON'S DREAM.

ONE night soon after I had been at the wreck, I had a very strange dream. I dreamed that as I was going out in the morning from my castle, I saw upon the shore two canoes and eleven savages, and that they had with them another savage, whom they were going to kill and eat. On a sudden this savage jumped away and ran for his life, and I thought he came running into my little grove, before my fort, to hide himself. Seeing him alone, for, as I thought, the other savages did not follow him that way, I showed myself to him, smiling upon him and encouraging him. He knelt down before me and begged me to help him, and I brought him into my house and he became my servant. Then I thought I said to myself, "Now I may set out to sail my boat to the mainland, for this man will serve me as a pilot and tell me what to do, and what sort of people there are in that country." I waked up very happy with the thought that I was going to get away from the island, but in a moment I knew it was only a dream, and I felt much disappointed.

I thought a good deal over this dream. If I

could get one of those savages in that way, what a good thing it would be! I would then have a companion, and perhaps he would help me, as I said in my dream, to make a passage over the sea to that land in the distance. With these thoughts in my mind I now kept on the lookout every day for savages, hoping that if any came, I should be able in some way to get one to come to my castle.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROBINSON HAS A COMPANION AT LAST.

ABOUT a year and a half after my dream, I was surprised one morning by seeing five canoes on the shore on my side of the island. The people belonging to them were all landed and out of sight, and I knew there must be a great many, for each canoe could hold five or six.

I went back to my castle and sat down for a while, listening to hear if they made any noise. But I heard nothing. Then I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and climbing up the hill, I stood a little lower down than the top of it, so as not to show myself to the savages, if they should turn their eyes that way. I had my glass with me, and when I looked through it to the shore I saw about

thirty savages. They had a fire kindled, and they were all dancing round it. In a few minutes I saw them drag two men from the boats. They knocked down one of these men, and then killed him, while the other was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him.

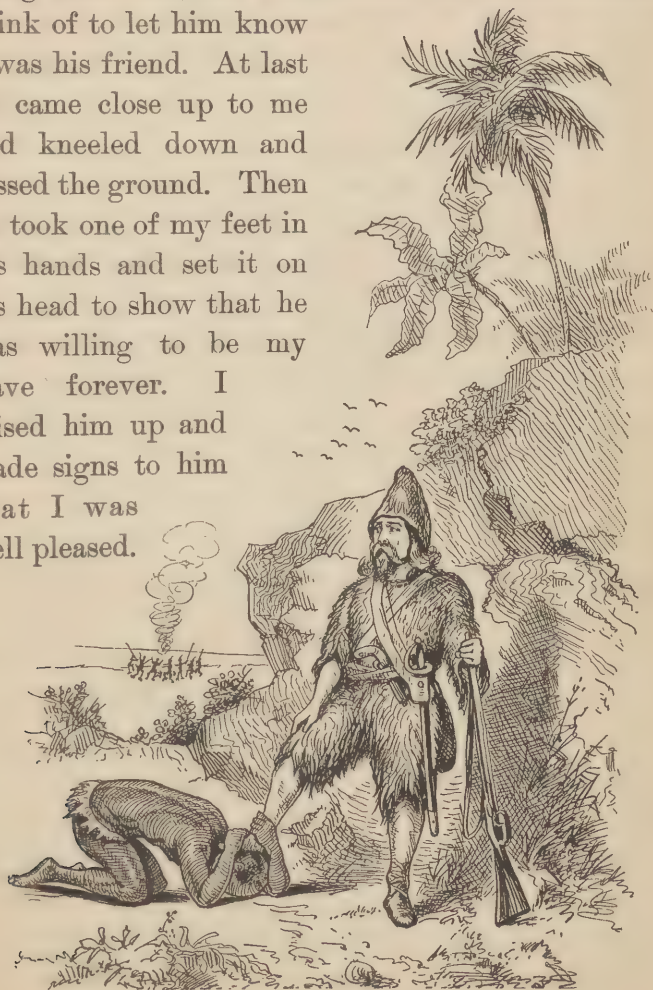
At that moment this poor wretch started off and ran with great speed towards the part of the coast near my house. I was dreadfully frightened, for I thought at first that they were all following him, and that, as in my dream, he might run into my little grove, but that, unlike the dream, the other savages might come too, and find him and me there. I began to be less afraid, however, when I saw that only three were following the man who was trying to escape, and that he was gaining ground on them, so that if he could keep up the same speed for half an hour, he would get away from them.

Now, between the place where the savages had come ashore and my castle, there was the little creek already mentioned, in which I had landed my rafts from the wreck. When the poor flying savage came to this creek, he plunged in and swam over in a few minutes. Two of the others plunged in and swam after him, but they were twice as long in getting over the creek. The third savage, not being able to swim, went back to his comrades at the shore.

I now thought the time had come for me to try to get a servant and companion. I felt too that I was called by God to save this poor creature's life. So I ran down the ladder, fetched two of my guns, and hastened to the top of the hill. Then I crossed over towards the sea, until I got between the man who was running away and the two who were following him. I cried out to the poor fellow, and he looked back, but at first he was as much frightened at me as at them. I beckoned to him with my hand to come to me, and then going towards the other two, I rushed upon one of them and knocked him down with a blow of my gun. I did not like to fire because the men at the shore might hear the noise. When the other savage, who was following, saw his companion knocked down, he suddenly stopped as if frightened. Then I went towards him, but as I came near he raised his bow and arrow to take aim at me, so I fired at him and killed him.

The poor savage who had been running away had now stopped. But though he saw both his enemies fall, he was so much frightened by the noise of my gun that he was about to start off again. I again cried out to him and made signs to him to come up to me. Then he came towards me a little way, and again stopped, and soon he came still nearer and stopped again. I saw he was trem-

bling with fear, and I made all the signs I could think of to let him know I was his friend. At last he came close up to me and kneeled down and kissed the ground. Then he took one of my feet in his hands and set it on his head to show that he was willing to be my slave forever. I raised him up and made signs to him that I was well pleased.



ROBINSON AND THE SAVAGE.

But there was more work still to do. The savage I had knocked down was not killed. He was only stunned by the blow, and I saw he was sitting up. My savage or slave, as I might now call him, saw this too, and he spoke some words to me. I did not understand what he said, but the words were very pleasant to my ears, for they were the first sound of man's voice, except my own, that I had heard for twenty-five years.

When I raised my gun to fire at the savage on the ground, my slave made a sign to me to give him my sword. As soon as he got it, he ran up to the man, and with one blow cut off his head. He then came back to me, laughing, with the head and the sword, and laid both at my feet. He wondered very much at seeing that I had killed the other savage without going near him, and he made signs to me to let him go to where the man was lying. When he came up to him, he turned him first on one side and then on the other, and looked with surprise at the wound the shot had made, for he could not understand how it had been done.

My savage now took up his bow and arrows, and I beckoned to him to come away, but he made signs that he should bury the dead men. So he fell to work, and in a very short time he scraped two holes in the sand with his hands, and threw the bodies in,

and covered them up. Then I took him off to my cave on the other side of the island, for I did not think it would be wise to let him see my castle yet awhile.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROBINSON NAMES THE SAVAGE FRIDAY.

WHEN we came to the cave, I gave my companion some bread and raisins, and a drink of water. He ate and drank heartily, and I then showed him a place to sleep, where I had laid some straw and a blanket. The poor creature was soon asleep, for he was tired after his long run.

He was a very handsome man, tall and well shaped, and, as I thought, about twenty-six years of age. He had long, black hair, a high and large forehead, and his eyes were sparkling and bright. His skin was of a light-brown color. His face was round and plump, and very pleasing to look at, and his teeth were as white as ivory.

After sleeping for about half an hour, he woke up and came out to where I was milking my goats in one of my parks close by. The moment he saw me he ran up to me, making all the signs he could to show that he was thankful. He laid himself down upon the ground, and took hold of one of my feet

and set it upon his head, as he has done before, to let me know that he would serve me as long as he lived. I made signs that I understood what he wished to tell me, and that I was very well pleased with him.

In a little while I began to teach him to speak to me. I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I had saved his life. I also taught him that my name was to be MASTER. Then we had our first meal together, and I kept him with me at the cave that night.

In the morning I took him with me to the shore where the savages had been. They had gone away without searching for their comrades who had followed Friday, but they had left behind them what it made me sick to look at. The place was covered with the bones and some of the flesh of the poor savages they had killed. Friday told me afterwards that they had brought three other prisoners with them besides himself. He said there had been a battle in their country between two tribes, and that the savages who came to the island belonged to the tribe that had won in the fight. They had taken a great number of prisoners, and the poor wretches had all been carried off to several places by those who had taken them.

I could see that Friday had a desire to eat some

of the flesh, but I let him understand as well as I could how much I was displeased at the thought of such a thing, and that I would kill him if he attempted to do it. I then made him gather up the bones in a heap and burn them all to ashes.

When this was done I took him to my castle, and I set to work to get him some clothes. I gave him a pair of linen drawers which I had by me. It was one of the things which I had got from the wreck long before. Then I made him a cap of hare's skin and a coat of goatskin like my own. He seemed much pleased with his clothes, though at first he went about very awkwardly in them, for until then he had never worn any. But he soon got used to them.

I next had to think where I should make a sleeping place for my servant. I did not like to have him in my own room, as I might call it, for I was not yet sure that I could safely trust him to be so near me while I slept. But I made a bed for him in the space between my two walls, and at night I took away the ladders and barred up the door, so that nobody could get in without making a noise that would wake me up. I soon found, however, that I had no need to be afraid of Friday. No one ever had a more faithful, loving servant or friend than he was to me.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRIDAY LEARNS TO WORK.

I WAS more and more pleased with Friday every day, and I made it my business to teach him everything that could be useful to him. He was very willing and eager to learn. In a short time he came to understand what I said to him, and was able to speak to me very well in English. And now I began to be happy, having a companion at last. I thought I could live content on the island all my life, if I were sure that no more savages would come.

Friday was very much puzzled about my gun. He could not think how I had killed the savage with it. One morning, a few days after he had come, I took him out with me to the woods. On the way I saw a goat lying in the shade with two young ones at her side. I raised my gun and fired and killed one of the kids. Friday trembled with fear. He did not see the kid I shot at and he thought I meant to kill himself. He was so frightened that he tore open his coat and looked at his breast to find if there was a wound in it the same as he had seen in the savage. Then he came and kneeled down to me and caught me by the knees

and spoke to me with tears in his eyes. I did not quite understand what he said, but I knew he was praying to me not to kill him.

I soon, however, let him see that I would do him no harm, but it was not so easy to make him understand about the gun. I loaded it again and told him to watch me firing at a bird in the air. He watched and saw the bird fall to the ground the moment I fired. Still he was as much frightened as before. He thought there was some terrible being inside the gun that could kill man or beast or bird, near or far off. If I had let him, I believe he would have prayed to the gun as if it were a god. For a good while he would not touch it, but when I was out of sight he would talk to it, and he afterwards told me he used to ask it not to kill him.

I brought home the kid and made broth of it. Friday took some and liked it well, but he wondered very much to see me use salt with mine. He made a sign to me that salt was not good to eat. He put a little in his mouth and spit it out and washed his mouth with water, to show how unpleasant the taste was to him. Then I took some broth without salt, and spit it out to show him how much I disliked it in that way. Still Friday would never care for salt with his food.

Next day I set Friday to work grinding and sifting corn. He soon learned to do it well, and he was very willing and glad to do it, when he knew it was for bread. Then I showed him how to make bread and bake it, and in a short time he was able to do all the work as well as myself.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRIDAY BECOMES A CHRISTIAN.

As soon as Friday had learned English well enough to speak to me and answer me when I spoke, I began to talk to him about God. I asked him who made him. The poor creature did not understand me at all. Then I asked him who made the sea, the ground we walked on, the hills and woods. He said it was "Benée," that lived "beyond all."

He could tell nothing of this person but that he was "older than the sea or land, the moon or stars." I asked him why all people did not pray to Benée if he had made all things. Friday answered that all things said "O" to him. I asked him if the people who died in his country went anywhere after death. He said they all went to Benée.

Then I began to tell him of the true God. I

pointed up towards heaven and said that God lives there. I told him it was He who had made all things, that He can do everything for us, that He can give us all we want, or take away from us all we have.

I then told him that God can look into our hearts, that He knows all our thoughts, hears all our words, and sees all that we do. I said that God is very good, that He loves all His creatures, that He loves them more and more when they do what is right, and that He is displeased when they do wrong.

I also made him understand how good it is to pray to God, who helps and blesses those who do so in the right way. Then I told him about Christ and what He had done for all men, and I read to him often from the Bible and tried to make him understand what it meant.

Friday always listened with great attention and respect when I spoke about these things, and soon I had the joy of finding that his heart and mind were turned to the true God and to a firm hope of happiness in Christ.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FRIDAY TELLS ABOUT HIS OWN COUNTRY.

AFTER some time, when Friday could understand nearly everything I said to him, I told him how I had come to the island, how long I had been there, and how I had lived in it. I showed him the boat from which I had been cast ashore, for it remained still in the same place, though it was now almost fallen to pieces. When Friday saw this boat he stood thinking a good while. At last he said, "Me see such boat like come to place at my country." I did not well understand him at first, but after getting him to tell me more about it, I thought some ship must have been wrecked on the coast of the country from which he had come, and that the boat he spoke of must have belonged to that ship.

Friday then told me that there were white men in the boat, and that they had been saved. "We save the white mans from drowns," said he, "the boat full of white mans." I asked how many there were, and he counted seventeen upon his fingers, and when I asked what had become of them he said, "They live, they dwell at my country."

I now thought that those men must have been on the ship that had been wrecked on the rocks to the

south of my island. I could hardly believe, however, that they could be still alive, if they had been cast ashore among the savages, so I asked Friday again. But he told me they were surely alive, that they had been there for four years, and that the savages were good to them. I asked him how it was that they did not kill and eat the "white mans," and he said, "They no eat mans but when make the war fight." By this he meant that they never eat men except those taken in battle.

Some time after this we were on the top of a hill from which, on a clear day, the mainland of America could be seen. Friday gazed at the sea as if looking out for something, and in a little while he began jumping and dancing and calling to me, for I was a short distance from him. "What is the matter, said I?" coming up to him. "Oh, joy!" cried he, "oh, glad! there see my country!" His eyes sparkled with delight, and he stretched out his hands towards his country as if longing to be there.

This made me feel very uneasy. I began to have doubts about Friday. I thought he wished to be with his own people again, and I feared that if he got there, he would tell them about me and perhaps come back to the island with a number of savages, and make a feast upon me, as they did with the poor wretches on the shore.

But I wronged the poor creature very much by my doubts, as I found out afterwards. For some time, however, I was not so friendly with him as before, and while my fears lasted I was every day asking him questions to see if I could find out what his wishes really were.

“Friday,” said I to him one day, “would you not like to be in your own country again?”

“Yes,” he said, “I be much O glad to be at my country.”

“What would you do there?” said I. “Would you eat man’s flesh and be a savage as you were before?”

Friday looked very thoughtful, and shaking his head, he answered, “No, no; Friday tell them live good; tell them pray God; tell them eat corn-bread, cattle-flesh, milk; no eat mans again.”

“Why, then,” said I, “they would kill you.”

“No, no,” said he, “they no kill me; they willing love learn.”

Then I asked him if he would go back. He smiled at this and told me he could not swim so far. I told him I would make a canoe for him. He said he would go if I would go with him.

“I go?” said I. “Why, they will eat me if I come there.”

“No, no,” cried Friday, “me make them no eat you, me make them much love you.”

He meant he would tell them how I had saved his life, and so he would make them love me. Then he told me how kind they were to the seventeen white men who had been cast on their shore in distress.

CHAPTER XXX.

ROBINSON AND FRIDAY MAKE A NEW BOAT.

I now began to have a wish to go over to Friday's country. I felt sure that if I could join the white men there, we could find some means of getting to England or Spain, for I believed that those men belonged to Spain. So after some days I took Friday to see my little boat, which I had not shown him before. He thought it was too small to go so far. Then I took him to the boat I had first made, but could not get into the water. This was large enough, Friday said. We could not use it, however, for it was now somewhat rotten, having lain there in the sun and rain for more than twenty years. I told Friday we would make another boat as big, and that he should go home in it. He made me no answer, but he looked very sad. I asked him what was the matter. Then he said:

“Why you angry mad with Friday? What me done?”

I told him I was not angry with him.

“No angry?” said he. “Why send Friday home away to my country?”

“Why,” said I, “did you not say you wished you were there?”

“Yes, yes,” said he, “wish we both there; no wish Friday there, no master there.”

“I go there, Friday!” said I. “What shall I do there?”

“You do great deal much good,” answered Friday, quickly. “You teach wild mans be good; you tell them know God, pray God, and live new life.”

“No, no, Friday,” said I. “You shall go without me; leave me here to live by myself as I did before.”

He looked very grieved when I said this, and he ran and took one of his hatchets, which he used to wear, and gave it to me.

“What must I do with this, Friday?” said I.

“You take kill Friday. What you send Friday away for? Take kill Friday; no send Friday away.”

I saw tears in the poor creature’s eyes as he spoke, and I was now so sure of his friendship and love for me that I told him I would never send him away if he was willing to stay with me.

Then I made up my mind that we should have a new boat. As Friday knew better than I what kind of wood was fittest for it, I let him find out a

tree, which he soon did. He also cut down the tree, and his plan was to burn out a hollow in the trunk for the inside of the boat. But I showed him how to use tools to cut it out, as I myself had done before, and he did the work very well.

We had our vessel finished in less than two months. She was large enough to carry twenty men. We made rollers and put them under her, and we rolled her inch by inch until we got her into the water. I was surprised to see how well Friday could manage her, and turn her and paddle her along when she was afloat. He was used to canoes. I asked him if she would carry us over. He said, "Yes, we go in her very well, though great blow wind."

But I had a thought that he knew nothing of. It was to make a mast and a sail, and have an anchor for our boat. So I set Friday to work to cut down a straight young cedar tree for a mast, and we made a sail from some sails I had saved from the wreck. Then we made a rudder for steering our vessel. When all this was done, I taught Friday how to manage the boat with the sail. He learned quickly, for he was very attentive to everything I told him, and he was soon as good a sailor as myself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ROBINSON AND FRIDAY SAVE A SPANIARD'S LIFE.

I HAD been now twenty-six years on the island. Friday had been with me nearly two years, and I felt more than ever how good God had been to me in sending me so faithful a companion.

It was the rainy season, and we had to wait for fair weather before starting on our voyage. But we were getting our things ready every day. One morning I sent Friday to the shore for a tortoise, which we got once a week for the sake of the eggs as well as the flesh. He had not been gone long, when he came running back in great haste, and before I had time to speak he cried out, "Oh, Master! Oh, sorrow! Oh, bad!"

"What's the matter, Friday?" said I.

"Oh, yonder there," cried he, "one, two, three canoes!"

The poor fellow shook with fear, for he thought they had come to search for him, and that they would kill him and eat him.

"Well, Friday," said I, "don't be afraid; we shall fight them; can you fight, Friday?"

"Me shoot," said he, "but there come many great number."

“No matter,” said I, “our guns will frighten those we do not kill.”

We at once made ready to fight. We loaded six guns and two pistols with bullets. I hung my sword by my side and Friday took his hatchet. Then I went up the hill with my glass to look at the savages. I found there were twenty-one of them, with three prisoners and three canoes. They had landed on the shore near where there was a thick wood close to the sea.

I came down to Friday and told him I would kill them all, and asked him if he would stand by me. He said he would die “when master bid die.” I gave him a pistol to stick in his belt, and three guns to carry on his shoulder, for he was not now afraid of a gun, and he could use one as well as myself. I took the other pistol and three guns. I ordered Friday to keep close behind me and not to shoot or speak a word till I should bid him.

We then started off. We went a roundabout way to get into the wood without letting the savages see us, and we came to the side of it next to where they were. I pointed to a great tree at the corner of the wood, and whispered to Friday to go there and see what they were doing. He soon came back and told me they were all around their fire eating one of the prisoners. Another prisoner, he said, lay bound on

the sand and they would eat him next. He was not a savage but a white man, and Friday thought he was one of those he had told me of before, who had been cast ashore in their country.

I was filled with horror and anger when I heard this, but there was not a moment to lose, and so we moved on behind some bushes, until we came to a little hill from which we had a full view of the savages, about eighty yards off. Nineteen of the wretches were sitting upon the sand all together, and the other two were stooping over the poor white man to untie the cords that bound him.

“Now, Friday,” said I, “the time is come; we must shoot to save the white man; do just as you see me do.”

I took up a gun and aimed at the savages. Friday was ready when I gave the word “Fire!” and we both fired at the same moment. With the first shot we killed three of them and wounded five others. The savages who were not hurt jumped up in terror. They did not know which way to run or which way to look. Friday kept his eyes on me to watch what I would do next. I took up another gun and he did the same. “Let fly at them,” said I, and we both fired again. Only two were killed this time, but several were wounded, and they ran yelling around as if they were mad.

I now picked up another loaded gun, and bidding Friday follow me, I rushed out of the wood and down to the shore. We shouted as loud as we could, and made for the spot where the poor white prisoner was lying on the sand. The two who had been about to untie him ran to a canoe at the first noise of our guns, and three others followed them. I bade Friday to fire at them, and I thought he had killed them all, for I saw them fall into the boat. Two of them, however, got up again, but two were killed and one was wounded.

While Friday was firing, I was helping the white man. With my knife I cut the cords that bound him. He could not stand up for a little while, he was so weak, but I gave him something to drink out of a bottle I had brought with me, and it strengthened him very much. He told me he belonged to Spain, and he said all he could to show how thankful he was to me for saving his life. Then I gave him my sword and a pistol and told him to use them, for there was more fighting to do. He quickly fell upon the savages, and killed two of them in an instant.

At the same time, Friday fought them with his hatchet, and he struck down a savage at every blow. It was not long until they were all killed except four, who got into a canoe, and rowed away. I

jumped into another canoe, crying to Friday to follow me, for I wished to catch the men who were escaping, lest they might come back with more savages. In this canoe I found the other poor prisoner bound hand and foot and almost dead with fear. I cut the cords and set him free.

When Friday came up I bade him speak to the poor man in his own language and tell him he was safe. But as soon as Friday heard the man speak and looked in his face, he threw his arms around his neck and kissed him and showed in every way he could how happy he was to see him. He jumped about, and danced, and sang, then wept and wrung his hands, and then danced and sang again. It was a good while before I could get Friday to speak to me, or tell me what was the matter, but at last he told me that the poor prisoner was his father.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FRIDAY'S FATHER AND THE SPANIARD.

WE now gave up the thought of following the four savages. It was well we did so, for in a short time the wind began to blow so hard that the canoe must have been upset if we had gone far out. We

felt sure that the savages never reached their own country.

I cannot tell half the things Friday did to show his love for his father and his joy at seeing him. He went into the boat and out of it a great many times, and when he went in he would sit down by him, and hold his head to his breast. He rubbed his arms and ankles, which were stiff with the cords, and he fetched him bread and raisins. I gave him some drink out of my bottle, and we gave food and drink to the Spaniard also.

They were both too weak to walk much, and so Friday took them round along the shore in the canoe, and I walked across and met them at our little creek. They sat on the bank while I made a hand-barrow, in which Friday and myself carried them to our castle. We fixed up a tent for them outside the outer wall, for they were not yet strong enough to get into our house by the ladders, as Friday and I always did. We made two beds for them in this tent, with blankets to lie on and blankets to cover them.

Then Friday killed a young goat, and we prepared a good dinner for the poor weak men. We had roast meat and boiled meat, and good broth with rice and barley in it. We all sat down to our meal together in the new tent, and I did everything I

could to cheer the new comers and make them comfortable.

After dinner Friday went round the shore with the canoe and fetched home our guns, which we had left behind for want of time. The next day I ordered him to bury the dead bodies of the savages. He did this so well that when I went to the place again I saw no marks of what had happened there.

I now began to talk with my new friends, and first I got Friday to ask his father if he thought the savages who had gone off in the canoe would come back and bring more with them. He said he thought they must have been lost in the storm, but if they had got home they would tell their people that their comrades had been killed by thunder and lightning and that they had been attacked by two spirits sent down from heaven to destroy them. He knew this, he said, because he heard them all cry out so to one another at the shore. His people could not believe that men could dart fire, and speak thunder, and kill at a distance, as they had been killed.

Still I was uneasy for a while, and was always ready with my little army, which now numbered four men. We watched the shores now and then to see if there was any sign of savages, and we felt

that we were strong enough for a hundred of them whenever they should come.

After a little time, as no savages came, I began to think again of making a voyage to the mainland. Friday's father said, if I would go, the people of his tribe would treat me well, because I had been so good to him. I then talked with the Spaniard. He said there were sixteen of his countrymen with the savages, and that the savages treated them kindly, but they had great trouble to get food enough. I asked him if he thought they would be willing to come over to my island, and I said that if they would come, we might all together be able to work out some plan of getting to our own countries. We might build a vessel large enough to carry us to Brazil.

He thought very well of this, and he said that if I wished it, he would take Friday's father with him and go over and speak to his countrymen among the savages about my plan and come back with their answer. But he did not think it would be wise to take his countrymen to the island until I had a larger stock of corn and rice. What I had now, he said, was not more than enough for four, and if sixteen were added to my family, we should be in want. It would be better, he thought, for me to let him and Friday and his father dig more land and

sow more corn, and that we should wait for another harvest, so that there might be plenty of food for his countrymen when they should come.

This was very good advice, so we all set to work and dug as much land as we had seed for, and we sowed our seed. Then we went out among the wild goats and got about twenty young kids and added them to our flock. When the season came for gathering grapes we gathered a much larger quantity than usual, and hung them up in the sun to be dried. We also made a great many baskets to hold our corn in.

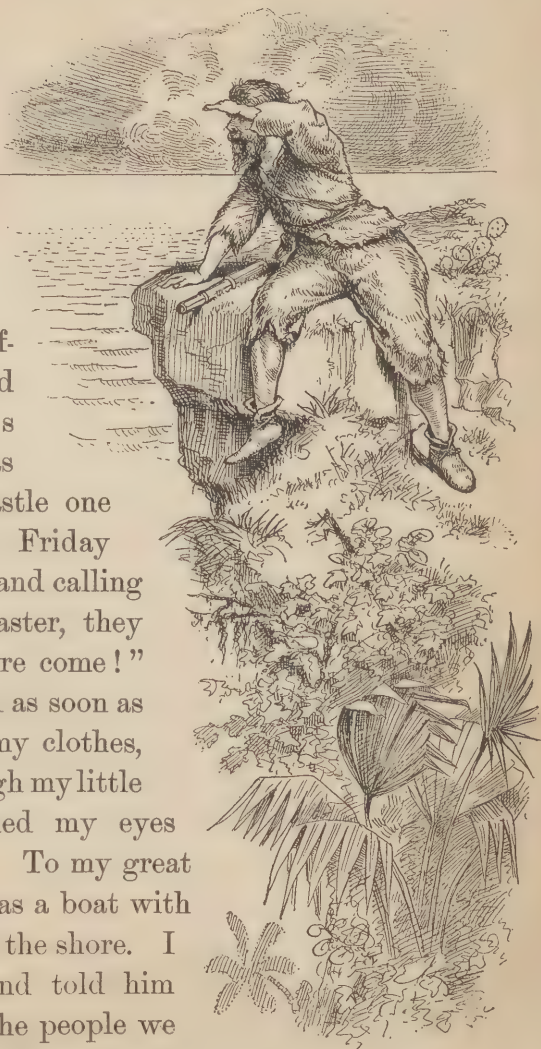
When the proper time came, we gathered in our corn, and there was more than had ever been on the island before. We had enough to feed ourselves, and all the sixteen Spaniards, if they had been with us, till the next harvest.

And now, as we had plenty of food, the Spaniard and Friday's father got ready to go. I gave them a gun and some powder, and bread and grapes enough for themselves for many days, and a supply for the sixteen Spaniards for eight days. They then put all these provisions into one of the canoes. After wishing them a good voyage, I saw them off and told them to hang out a signal, or flag, when they came in sight of the island on their return, so that we might know them before they got near the shore.

CHAPTER
XXXIII.

A SHIP AND
ITS CREW
COME TO THE
ISLAND.

EIGHT days after the Spaniard and Friday's father left, I was asleep in my castle one morning when Friday came running in and calling out, "Master, master, they are come, they are come!" I jumped up, and as soon as I could get on my clothes, I went out through my little grove, and turned my eyes towards the sea. To my great surprise, there was a boat with a sail heading for the shore. I called Friday, and told him these were not the people we were expecting. Then I took



A SHIP IN SIGHT.

my glass and went to the top of the hill to get a better view. I had hardly set foot on the hill, when I caught sight of a ship lying at anchor, about five miles out at sea on the south of the island.

I was sure it was an English ship, and I cannot tell how glad I was to see it. Still I thought it better to keep on my guard until I knew why they had come to the island. It was a part of the world in which there was no trade or business for English ships, and there had been no storm to drive them out of their course. Perhaps they might be bad men who had come there to commit some crime. So I would not show myself for a little.

The boat was now near the shore, and I saw there were eleven men in it, all English, as I thought. In a few minutes they ran the boat in on the beach, about half a mile from where I stood. Five or six of them jumped out, and took with them three men bound as prisoners.

Friday, who was at my side, now said to me: "Oh, master, you see English mans eat prisoner well as savage mans."

"Why, Friday," said I, "do you think they are going to eat them?"

"Yes," said Friday, "they will eat them."

"No, no," said I, "Friday, I am afraid they will

kill them, but you may be sure they will not eat them."

One of the men now raised a sword, and I thought the prisoners would be killed on the spot. But the fellow did not strike, and the whole five or six who had first got out of the boat ran off along the shore towards the woods, as if to see what kind of country they were in. They left the prisoners free to go where they pleased, and the poor men sat down upon the ground, looking very sad.

While the five or six were rambling through the woods the tide went out, and so their boat now lay on the ground a good distance from the water. Two men had remained in the boat, and had fallen asleep. When they awoke they called out for their comrades, who soon came back to the shore, and tried to drag the boat down to the water, but they could not move it. Then they all rambled off into the woods, and I heard one saying to another, "We must wait; we can't float her till the next tide."

I now thought I would go and talk to the prisoners, and find out what was the matter. I knew that the tide would not be in for ten hours, and I was sure the men would not come back for a good while. So I took two guns and gave Friday three, and told him to keep behind me. Then I marched off. When the prisoners saw me they started up, and were

about to run away, for they were frightened at my strange dress. I spoke to them and said :

“Do not be afraid ; you have a friend near.”

“Then,” said one of them, pulling off his hat, “he must be sent from heaven ; are you an angel ?”

“No,” said I, “if God had sent an angel, he would have come in better clothes. I am a man and an Englishman, and I am willing to help you. You see I have a servant here, and we have arms. What is the matter ?”

“Our case, sir,” said he, with tears running down his face, “is too long to tell, but in short, I was the captain of that ship. This is my mate and the other is a passenger. The sailors have taken the ship from me, and they have carried us ashore to leave us here to die. Some of them are now in that wood, and I fear they may have heard you talk. If they have, they will kill us all.”

I then asked him if the men had any firearms, and he told me they had two guns, but had left one of them in the boat.

“Well,” said I, “leave the rest to me ; I believe they are all asleep. It is an easy thing to kill them, but perhaps it would be better to take them prisoners.”

He told me that two of them were very bad men, and if those two were taken prisoners, he thought the rest would come back to their work and be obedient.

"Then, sir," said I, "if I help you and save the ship, are you willing to do two things for me?"

Before I could speak further, he grasped my hand and said he would do whatever I wished. If I could save the ship, she would be altogether under my orders, and he would serve me and go with me, he said, wherever I liked to take him. The mate and the passenger said the same thing.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ROBINSON HELPS THE CAPTAIN.

I NOW sent Friday to my castle for more guns and pistols and powder and shot, and gave them to the captain and his comrades, and we waited for the men to come out of the wood. In a short time two of them appeared. The mate and passenger rushed forward and fired, and the two men fell. Then the others came running towards us, but when they saw our guns pointed at them they cried out and begged for mercy.

The captain told them he would spare their lives, if they would show him that they were sorry for what they had done, and would help him to get back the ship. They were very willing to do this, and they promised to be obedient and faithful in the

future. However, we bound them hand and foot, and we sent the two of them, who had been very bad, to the cave at the other side of the island, and left them there with enough to eat and drink, telling them if they would be quiet, we would soon set them free.

We also took the oars and sails away from the boat, and made a big hole in the bottom of it, so that it would be of no use to the men in the ship if they should come to help their comrades.

I now brought the captain and his companions to my castle, and told them about myself. When they heard that I had been alone on the island for so many years, and that I had lived so well without any one to help me, they were greatly surprised.

But we had to think about saving the ship, for the captain told me there were still twenty-six men in her, and they had all taken part against him. We did not know what to do at first, as we were too few to go out in the boat to attack so many.

At last we thought it would be better to wait and see what the men in the ship would do. I was sure that some of them would soon come ashore to see what had happened to their comrades. And so they did. In a little while we heard a gun fired at the ship. Then they hung out a flag as a sign to the men on shore to come away. When they saw that

the boat did not stir, they fired again, and made more signs, and at last they put out another boat and rowed towards the shore.

There were ten men in this boat. As soon as they came ashore they dragged their boat up on the beach, and ran to the other boat, which was close by. They were much surprised to find that the oars and sail had been taken away, and that there was a hole in the bottom of it. They shouted out for their comrades, and getting no answer, they marched up to the top of the little hill under which my house was, and gazed around, and shouted till they were tired. Then they went back to their boat, as if they meant to return at once to the ship. The captain was very uneasy, for he feared that if they got to the ship again they would sail off with her.

But I thought of a plan to prevent this. I ordered Friday and the captain's mate to go into the wood, about half a mile from the boat, and shout until the men should hear them and answer, and then to go farther off and shout again, always keeping out of sight, and always going further off and shouting, so as to draw the sailors away through the island with the belief that it was their comrades who were crying for help. This plan worked well. The moment the men at the boat heard the first shout, all except two of them ran along the shore towards where

the voice came from, and soon we lost sight of them.

The captain and the passenger and myself now hurried down to the boat, taking with us the five prisoners, whom we thought we could trust to help us. One of the two men was on the shore, and the captain ran up to him and knocked him down. We then called to the other who was in the boat. He quickly came out and promised to join us if we would spare him. The captain pardoned him, and now we had a little army of nine men, ready for the others when they should come.

Friday and the mate had done their part well. By their shouting they had drawn the sailors from wood to wood and hill to hill, until they had gone round the island. Friday was back several hours before they were, and when they came it was dark. We could hear them, as they came along, saying to one another that they had got into an enchanted island, and would all be killed. After a little, we could see them running about wringing their hands and weeping. Sometimes they would go and sit down in the boat to rest, then come ashore and walk about, then do the same thing over again.

My men wanted to fall upon them at once in the dark, but I wished to spare them, and kill no more

than could be helped. I wished also to make sure that none of them would escape. So I ordered Friday and the captain to creep upon their hands and feet, and try to get up close to them before firing. While they were doing this, three of the sailors came walking towards them. The captain and Friday started up and fired. One of them, who was the leader, and the worst of them all, was killed, another was wounded, and the third ran away. At the noise of the firing I went forward with my little army. We came upon them in the dark and they could not see how many we were. Then I made the man they had left in the boat, who was now on our own side, call out to them to ask if they were willing to yield to the captain, and help him against the others who were on the ship. So he called out to one of them, "Tom Smith! Tom Smith!"

Smith answered, "Who's that?" and then the other said,

"Tom Smith, throw down your arms and yield, or you will all be killed."

"Whom must we yield to?" asked Smith. "Where are they?"

"Here we are," said our man; "here's our captain with the governor of the island. Some of our men are killed and some of them are prisoners. If you do not yield you are all lost."

“Will they give us mercy?” cried Smith; “if they will we will yield.”

Then the captain himself called out, “Smith, you know my voice; if you lay down your arms at once, you shall have your lives.”

They all now came up and begged for mercy. They said they were sorry for what they had done, and they promised that if the captain would pardon them, they would in future obey his orders and help him in every way they could. We then bound them, as we had done the others, and sent them off to the cave as prisoners.

Our next work was to try to take the ship from the men who were in her. We first repaired the boat in which a hole had been made. Then the captain picked out nine of the sailors whom he thought he could trust, and took them and the mate and passenger with him to the ship in the two boats. The passenger and four men were in one boat, and the captain and mate and five men in the other. Friday and I remained on the island to watch the prisoners whom the captain was afraid to take with him, for they had been very bad men, and he would not trust them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ROBINSON GOES HOME TO ENGLAND.

BEFORE the captain left, he promised that if he should have the good fortune to take the ship, he would fire seven guns as a signal to me that he had succeeded. I sat waiting on the shore until I heard the guns, seven shots one after another. It was near two o'clock in the morning. Then I went home to my castle and lay down to sleep.

I was wakened by the noise of a gun, and in a few minutes I heard some one calling out, "Governor! governor!" for this was the name they now gave me. It was the captain who called. I went out, and he took me up to the top of the hill. Then pointing to the ship, he said, "My dear friend, there's your ship; she is all yours, and so are we, and all that belongs to her."

I cast my eyes to the ship. There she was, not more than half a mile from the shore, for they had brought her to anchor near the mouth of the creek in which I had landed my rafts from the wreck twenty-eight years before. I was so overcome with joy that if the captain had not taken me by the hand, I should have fallen to the ground in a faint. When I came to myself a little I lifted up my mind

and heart to God in thankfulness for His goodness to me. I also thanked the captain, saying that I looked upon him as a friend sent to me from Heaven.

After we had talked a while, the captain told me what they had done at the ship. When they reached her they found that most of the men aboard were asleep. There were only two on watch, and they thought that the men in the boats were their comrades, so they did not attempt to prevent them from going on deck. The two watchmen were made prisoners in a moment. Then the captain and his men hastened through the ship to the places where the others were lying asleep, and seized and bound them before they knew what had happened. Thus the ship was saved.

The captain now sent down to the boat for some things he had taken with him from the ship for me. He brought me a large quantity of good things to eat and drink, such things as I had not tasted for many years. But what was better, he brought me shirts, and shoes and stockings, and a hat, and a suit of his own clothes which had been very little worn, and which fitted me well. I was very glad to get these things, but I felt as awkward for a while in my new suit as Friday felt when he first put on the clothes I had made for him.

We now began to think what we should do with the prisoners at the cave. The captain did not like to take them back to the ship, for they had been very bad men, and he was afraid they would not keep their promises to behave well in the future. I thought the best thing to do would be to leave them on the island. The captain said he would be very glad to leave them. "Well," said I, "I will talk with them." So I sent Friday and two of the sailors to the cave for the five prisoners.

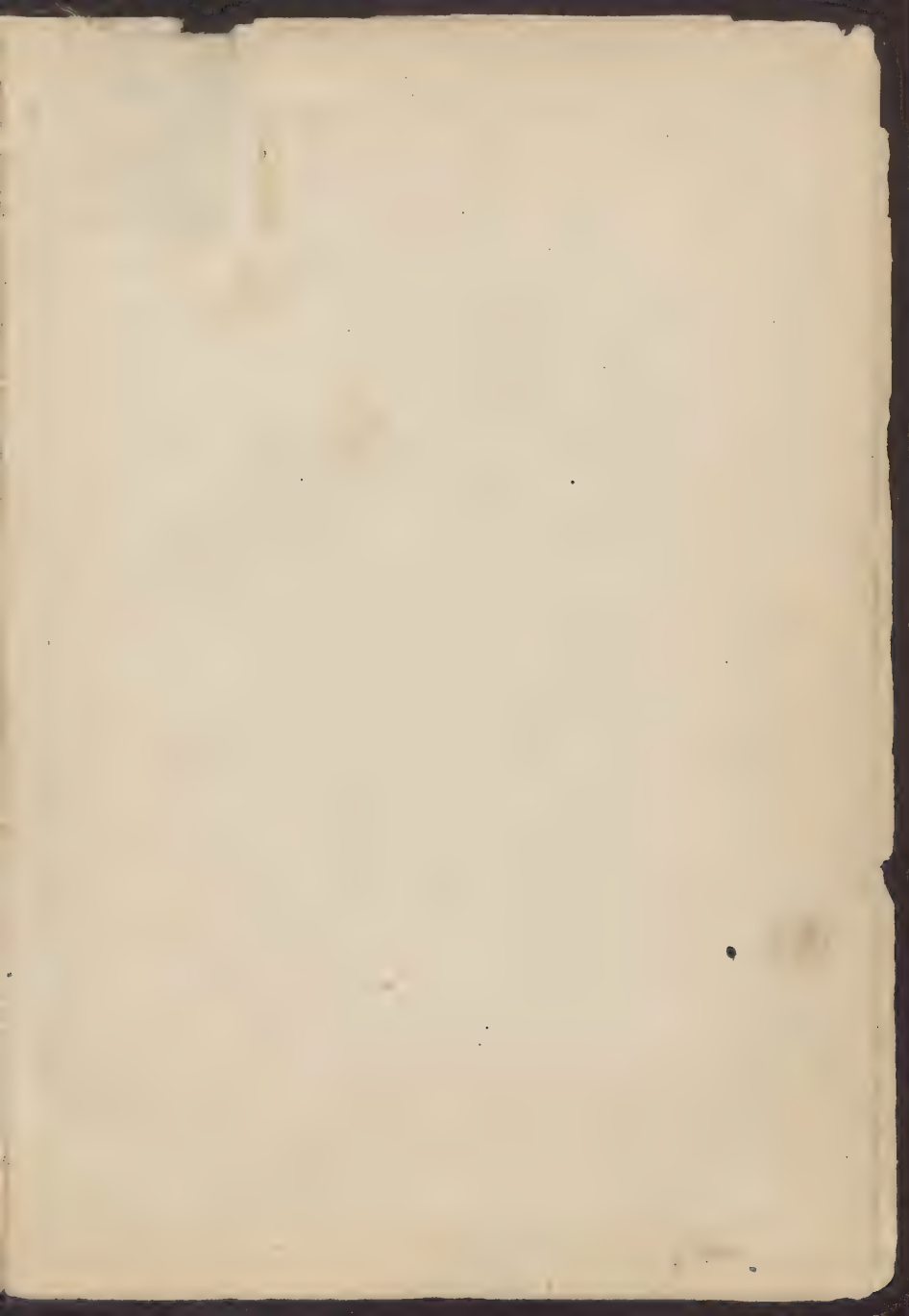
When they came I told them their conduct had been so bad that the captain could not again trust them as sailors on his ship. I said to them that if they were taken back to England they would be hanged, but that I wished to save their lives, and so would set them free if they were willing to remain on the island.

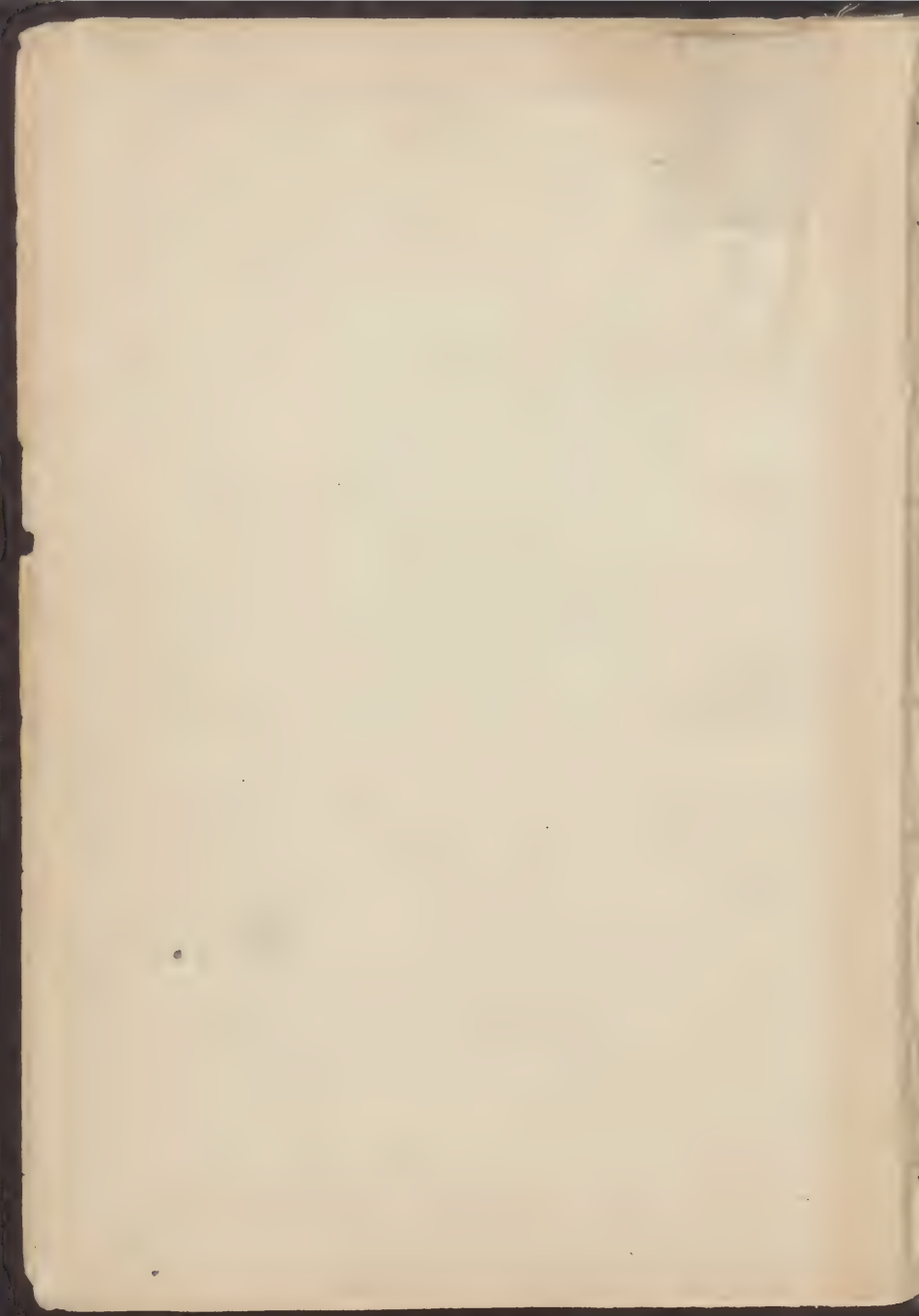
They were very glad of this offer, and they thanked me very much and said they would rather stay there than go to England. Then I told them the story of my life on the island, and showed them how they might be very comfortable and happy on it. I showed them my castle, and my cornfields and my goat parks and my bower, and told them they could have all, as I was going to England on the ship. I showed them how I ground my corn and baked my bread and dried my grapes. I told

them about the sixteen Spaniards who might come to the island with Friday's father, and I made them promise to treat them well if they came, and tell them that I had gone to England.

Next day I went on board the ship, taking Friday with me, for he would not think of parting from me, and I had become so fond of him that it would have grieved me much to leave him behind. I carried with me as relics my goat's-skin cap, my umbrella, and my parrot. I also took the money and gold bars I had found in the wrecks, for I was now going where they would be of some use to me.

I left the island on the 19th of December, 1686. I had been on it twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days. After a long voyage I arrived in England on the 11th of June, 1687, having been absent thirty-five years.





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